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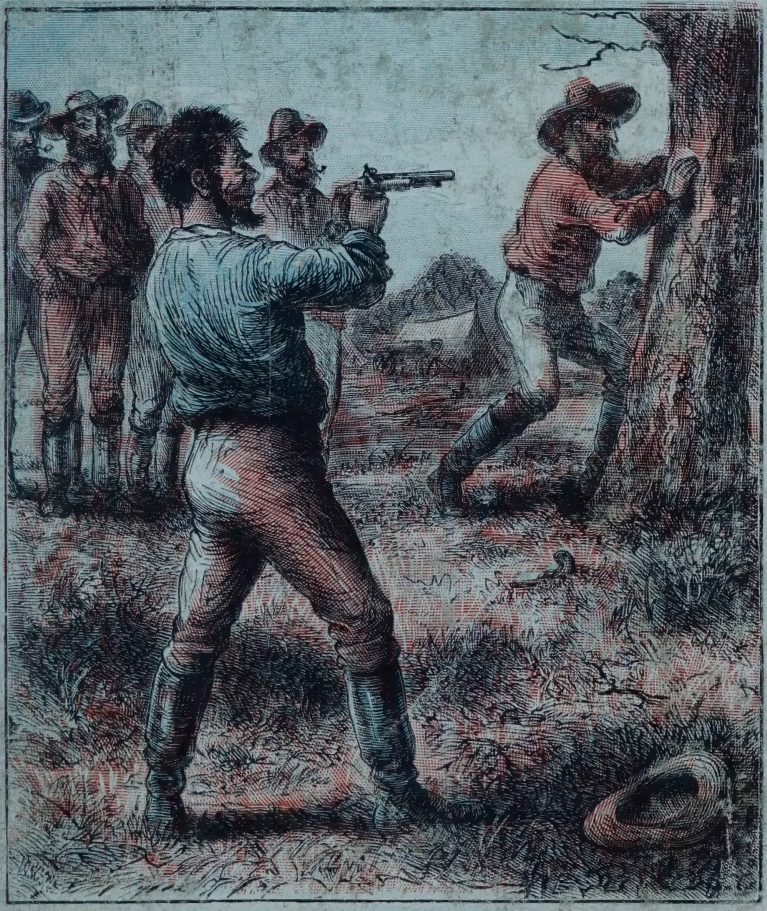
PRAIRIE AND BUSH

BY GEORGE DUNDERDALE



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PRAIRIE AND BUSH

BY

GEORGE DUNDERDALE

LONDON:
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PRAIRIE AND BUSH.

Prefatory.

From the top of Beacon Fell you can look down on a farmstead once called Paradise. Near it was a garden—the garden of Paradise, containing flowers and fruit trees, but the tree of life was not there. In it there was a well with an ever-flowing spring, in which lived a beautiful fairy who never could be seen except by good children; I never saw her, and one day while leaning over the well to look for her I fell headlong into the water, and unfortunately was taken out before I was quite drowned, thus losing my first chance of heaven. From this delightful place I first saw the fells; the shadows on their sunny sides seemed like silent giants marching swiftly; and the angels who lived high up in the sky above them sometimes came down and peeped over the silvery rim of

a dark cloud, to see what was going on over the wide world below.

And nowhere did they see a sweeter spot than Claughton, with its flowery meadows, green woods and rippling streams. One behind another the fell tops rise, in Lancashire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Yorkshire, Barlick Pike, Pennigent, Ingleborough, Longridge, and Pendle. The Fylde country stretches out before you, beyond it the Irish Sea, and further away still appear the mountains of Wales.

In his journeys from Strathclyde St. Mungo used to linger here for a while, walking through the green lanes and woodland paths, preaching and teaching and sowing the seeds of the faith which never dies. Then he went forward to Wales to visit and consult his fellow-labourer and friend St. David, returning to Strathclyde by the way he came.

A hundred and fifty years after the Saxons landed in England, they found and conquered this secluded corner of Britain, and after a while the Northmen came in their black ships up Morecambe Bay, and took possession of the land, wasting it with fire and sword.

All too soon for me both the angels and the giants disappeared, I was expelled from the garden of paradise, and began to feel the miseries of this life.

The first misery was the schoolmistress, who inspired terror at first sight. She sat on a high chair at one end of the school with a whip in her hand. Her name was Miss Snape. Her pale face was half hidden in the deep borders of her white cap, but her dark eyes glared at me in a way that foreboded evil; I could see at once that she was my deadly enemy. Jane Tinkler, a girl who wore a red cloak, put me on a seat near the fire-place, gave me a little book, and said I was to learn A B C. I was dreadfully ashamed, for I could see all the girls were looking at me, and some of them were laughing.

I had on my first suit, jacket and trousers, with bright brass buttons and two pockets, and considered myself very nearly a man. But at dinner-time some of the girls behaved shamefully, pretending I was only a baby, and if Jane, who was the biggest girl in the school, had not driven them away, I don't know what might have happened. She also took care of me on the way home, and told me I must be

careful never to let kidnappers or chimney-sweeps get hold of me. A kidnapper, she said, carried a basket and a sack, and whenever he met a little boy alone, he caught him, put him in his sack or basket, and carried him away to Preston to sell him for toffy or gingerbread. She told me she had once been kidnapped herself, put into a basket and covered with a sack, but her father happened to come along and took her out.

So Jane used to hide me with her red cloak when she saw anyone coming that looked like a kidnapper, and whenever I was alone, and saw a strange man with a sack or basket, I turned back, or got through a gap in the hedge, and hid myself behind a bunch of rushes until the man passed.

One day at dinner-time an old man with a long beard and white hair came to the school door. He had a basket on his arm and a sack at his back, so I knew at once he was a kidnapper. Jane Tinkler spoke to him quite boldly, and said she had no rags or bones to sell, but she could let him have a little girl for a stick of toffy. I was frozen with horror and tried to hide myself. I heard the old man say

he would rather have a little boy, and Jane took me by the arm, and began pulling me towards the door. The old man grinned frightfully, and I held back, kicking and screaming until he disappeared. Jane Tinkler was a very bad girl, and I never forgave her.

After a while I was sent to a boys' school, and got rid of those hateful girls. The master's name was Old Harry; he lived up a lane off the main road, and when he came to the end of the lane after dinner, and turned to the left, he went to the public-house, the Plough Inn; but if he turned to the right he came to the school. So some of the boys used to watch him every day, and when they reported that he had gone to the left we hurrahed, and played about the fields and meadows and woods until it was time to go home. But sometimes Old Harry would return in an hour or two and call in all the boys he could find, and then he was sure to be in a bad temper, and he threw books and slates, rulers and inkstands about the school; then we all ran out of school again and went home.

Under Old Harry I began to make pothooks on a slate, and to read Æsop's fables from a book with pictures in it. Those were happy

days, especially when the schoolmaster was too drunk to come to school. Fighting was part of the school curriculum, and every boy, big or little, was expected to do his duty in that respect on all proper occasions.

I was next sent to acquire learning on the top of Longridge Fell, the bleakest place in England. Here the boys threw stones at tramps and beggars when they saw any passing through the village, and this sport gave me great comfort and delight. After this I walked a distance of five miles every day for five years to a school in Preston. Here wisdom was whipped into me so effectually, that in about three years I was nearly at the head of the school, and began to think myself truly learned; but one day old Tommy Wilcox, the surveyor and appraiser, overtook me near Five Mile Cross, and began to ask me questions. One question was, how much two pounds of butter would come to if a pound and a half cost fourpence-halfpenny. I could not tell. Soon afterwards my uncle Joe wanted me to measure a haystack, and I could not do it. He jeered at and scorned me. He said, "What's the use of your going to school, when you've been there all your life

and cannot measure a haystack?" I was deeply mortified. He said also that I should never be fit to be anything but a jockey or a sailor, and I began to think I had better run away to Liverpool, and be a sailor, as I should then be able to see foreign countries and have wonderful adventures like Robinson Crusoe. But I recollected that one of the boys in our school had been sent to sea and was drowned in three weeks, before he had time to see any foreign countries. He was one of two brothers named Selby, who used to fight nearly every day, and neither their father nor the master could make them agree. I frequently saw them leave their seats and begin kicking each other before the whole school, and no amount of flogging seemed to have any effect on them. So their father sent one of them to sea, and he settled in it. The other I met again some years afterwards.

****

Bairro Alto, Lisboa.

On the 16th November, 1837, the barque Anne Paley from Liverpool was sailing slowly under a light breeze into the mouth of the

Tagus. A fisherman's boat came alongside, and one of the boatmen was taken on board to act temporarily as pilot. He was of low stature, and had a dark countenance with a forbidding expression. He wore a brown jacket, short cotton drawers, and a long rough cap of knitted wool, with a tassel on the top which hung down over one ear. His feet were bare, but at sunrise he pulled a pair of socks out of his pocket and put them on. He could not speak English, but directed the man at the wheel by signs. There was a castle or fort on one shore, and on the other a lighthouse; beyond this a sandy beach bounded by a steep bluff. I scanned this new land through the telescope. The Portuguese consul in Liverpool who made out our passports, said we were going to a beautiful country, which produced grapes and figs and oranges, corn, wine, and olive oil; but the first sight of it was disappointing. To me no landscape was beautiful without green fields. On one bank of the river was a long stretch of steep precipices, and on the other gently rising hills; but the soil seemed brown and bare, and no green thing was to be seen.

A pilot at length arrived, took the wheel,

and gave orders to the crew in quite intelligible English. Next a customs officer came on board. He could not speak English; but he meant to be civil, and pointed out various places in the city as we sailed along, but his words had no meaning to me. Soon afterwards we were boarded by a gang of men with swords, who looked like pirates; they wore belts round their waists, and had long black moustaches curled very fiercely. However, they were only more officers of customs. In the stern of their boat was an Englishman dressed in cassock and cap. He smiled and waved his hand, and soon coming on board gave us a pleasant welcome. It was Mr. Baines, the procurator of the English college, afterwards Monsignor Baines. We went with him into the cabin which was now nearly filled with the customs officers, talking to Captain Hunter three or four at a time, and gesticulating like maniacs. He could not understand them, and naturally began to swear, until Mr. Baines offered to act as interpreter. As far as I could understand, every man wanted a separate statement in writing for himself; one wanted a list of the crew, another of the passengers, another of the salt-beef, another of

the biscuits, another of the sugar, and so on. Mr. Baines asked us what we had brought, with the view of ascertaining what duty we should have to pay, and it seemed that we should have to pay duty on everything we had, except the clothes we wore and our dirty linen; so while the men were waiting, scowling and wrangling around the cabin table, Mr. Baines, smiling and talking all the while, transferred various dutiable articles to his pockets, or to the canvas bag, until there was nothing dutiable outside except a huge cheese, a present for the nuns of Mount Sion.

After landing we had to wait a long time at the custom house before our trunks were examined. Everything was turned over and scrutinised, and at last the disappointed officer gave a kick at the canvas bag, and seeing nothing but dirty linen on the top, passed it. We paid five shillings duty for the cheese; that was all. We evaded payment of customs duty, and the officer evaded the performance of his duty; the perfect man is hard to find.

One porter, a Gallego, as strong as an elephant, made all our luggage into one huge pack, and having shouldered it, began slowly to ascend

the streets towards Bairro Alto. They were full of smells and their causes.

The Portuguese ploughman does not curse, swear, blaspheme, and flog his team like the Colonial bullock-driver, but touching them lightly with his goad, says, "Go on, my little oxen." If they are disobedient, he calls for three hundred devils to take them; if three hundred prove insufficient, he calls for a thousand, and of course what a thousand devils can't mend, nothing can. He also sings to them snatches of old melodies, one of which is—

"Quem não tem visto de Lisboa,
Não tem visto de nada boa."

He who has not seen Lisbon has seen nothing good.

The true version should be, "He who has not seen Lisbon has seen nothing dirty."

It is obvious that a perpetual pestilence ought to have reigned and depopulated the city, but it didn't; and the inhabitants appeared to enjoy as good health, and to be quite as happy as the operatives in a manufacturing town in England, where soot, smoke, fogs, and rain abound, and daylight is seldom seen.

When we arrived at the college we were taken first to the senhor padre, Presidente Winstanley, a venerable and dignified old priest, who had arrived in Lisbon some time in the preceding century, and had never revisited his native country. He spoke kindly to us, but we could not enjoy his company much, as we were suffering the pangs of hunger, having had nothing to eat since the early morning, and it was now about 4 p.m. We went along the corridors to the refectory, and on the way many of the students came out of their rooms to have a look at the new fellows. They all wore black cassocks and caps, and appeared to me like monks. I felt quite shocked on discovering that I should have to put on the same habit, for I never wanted to be a monk, having a secret consciousness that I was not good enough, and never should be. At last we had something to eat, bread-and-butter and tea. The bread was leavened bread, and tasted sour; the butter was salt butter, imported from Ireland. It was the best to be had, and was usually called "Cork butter" in English, and "mantega dos Corks," "butter of the Corks," by the servants, who were generally Gallegos.

We were informed that the next three days would be holidays for us, and two of the fellows were appointed to accompany us and show us the sights of the city.

A boy with a good voice and an ear for music was considered a valuable acquisition to the college choir, and on the first evening Mr. Browne, the organist, invited us to his room to try our voices. I believed that I could sing a few songs, but being among strangers, I was very shy, and did not want to sing. There were present six or eight of the students, most of them in philosophy or divinity, and after a good deal of encouragement and pressing I began. The tune was a very sentimental and dismal one, but Mr. Browne soon made out an accompaniment on the piano, and the song was finished amid tremendous applause. I was soon asked to sing again, and feeling elated with success, was quite willing to do so; but all the other songs I knew were love songs, and I had some misgivings about them. I suspected that they were not proper pieces for an ecclesiastical audience, but the desire to hear me again was so earnest and unanimous that I could not refuse.

The first words of the melody were—

> "A damsel possessed of great beauty,
> She stood by her own father's gate," &c.

The air was, "O tooral, I ooral, I eh"—a dissolute tune which has since been transported with many other bad characters to Australia. Mr. Browne was, I thought, a most skilful musician. He picked up the tune at once, and played it with spirit. I felt that I was doing uncommonly well, and I went through the whole song with an enthusiasm I had never felt before. But when it was finished I got no encore. Nobody wanted to hear me any more. On looking round to my audience for the expected applause, I found that they were all laughing, or trying not to laugh, and I was deeply offended and disgusted.

After three days' holiday, and three more days of spiritual retreat, neither of which I enjoyed very much, the routine of college life began. Everything was done by rule and in regular order, and discipline both of mind and body was strict. We rose from very hard beds at five o'clock in summer and six o'clock in winter. The bell was rung, and the porter knocked at each door, awaking the sleepers

with the holy, but often unwelcome, salutation, "Praise be to Jesus Christ." The subjects of study were Latin, Greek, and English. French was not taught, but we were supposed to know it by inspiration, as some of the text-books were in that language; poetry, rhetoric, logic, metaphysics, mathematics, physics, and moral philosophy. The last and longest course was theology, but into that I never ventured.

For the first six months I was intensely miserable, home-sick, and sick generally. The very sight and smell of baccalão—dried cod-fish swimming on my plate in oil and vinegar, with boiled onions and bad potatoes, gave me a headache. Lent was observed most strictly, no flesh meat being allowed from Ash-Wednesday to Easter-eve inclusively. I felt rebellious and intractable, and did not take kindly to so much prayer, fasting, and mortification. But after a while the force of discipline, or grace, or something else made me endure them with some degree of equanimity. I even conquered my dislike to baccalão, served with oil, vinegar, and boiled onions, and in time relished it better than the beef.

When young men are living together for

years in school or college, the character of each individual is known by the rest of his companions much better than by the superiors or professors, and I can say with truth that, with one or two exceptions (there was a Judas among the twelve), the students were eminently good, full of faith, pious, earnest and zealous in all duties. They lived lives of self-denial then, and for a few or many years afterwards, as the case might be, laboured in their calling amid sickness and misery, sin and death; but such as they are, I am convinced, the happiest people in the world. In the streets of a great city the passions of the hurrying multitude are plainly written on their countenances, or expressed in their gait or bearing: pride, self-conceit, avarice, and sensuality appear in characters as easily read as the advertisements on the hoardings. But now and then you will meet a few men or women who lack the ordinary expression, which seems to say, "I am just as good as you and a great deal better, whoever you are." These people don't set themselves up in any way. They don't follow their own will, but the will of Him who called them to the life they lead. Their passions have been overcome; they are in the world, but not

of it. A peace, which most men never know and never dream of, is theirs; and on their faces beams the first faint dawn of the eternal day for whose approach they are waiting.

On the 28th December I went with most of the other students to visit the English nuns. The room in the convent to which visitors were admitted, had on one side a double grating of strong iron bars crossing each other, and through this we could see and speak to the sisters on the other side. They were then only about ten or twelve in number; their rules prescribed perpetual seclusion, so that they had consented to live, die, and be buried within the walls of the convent. I thought this was a terrible fate, and expected to find them sad, gloomy, and full of despair. I looked through the openings in the bars with feelings of horror and pity for the fate of the poor prisoners. Their faces were partially covered with white cloth, and I could see some of them were growing old, and others were still young. But I was surprised to observe that they did not seem sorry at all, but quite cheerful and ready to talk. It was the feast of the Holy Innocents, and according to custom, the youngest of the community, Sister

Agnes, had for the day been invested with the dignity of Lady Abbess, and she ruled the little flock at her own sweet will. She sat on a chair near the grating, and gave orders, instructions, and reprimands, with much dignity. Every sister that addressed her, even the real abbess, had to do so on bended knees and with head bowed down.

There was a turntable fixed in the wall, by means of which the nuns supplied us with tea, bread-and-butter, and confectionery. On one occasion the smallest boy present was suddenly seized, thrust on the turntable, and presented to the ladies instead of the teapot. The effect was wonderful; all discipline was ruined at once, and Sister Agnes' authority vanished like smoke. Screams of laughter, such as were never heard before or since, echoed from the sacred walls. It was some time before the wrong teapot was returned; everybody was laughing at both sides of the grating, but the youth had completely lost the balance of his mind. At first he tried feebly to laugh like the rest; then he looked fierce, and evidently wanted to fight somebody, the old Lancashire Adam not having yet been quite expelled, but concluded at last

to walk away, and turn his back on such foolishness.

After tea we had songs. Some of the nuns had very good voices, and sang extremely well. Our fellows sang too, but I was not asked to contribute anything to the entertainment, having already in the matter of singing been found unreliable. I was quite aware now that my "damsel possessed of great beauty" would not be admitted here on any terms.

When the time for our departure came the temporary Lady Abbess requested me to remain for a short time, as she wished to speak to me. When the others were all gone she asked me a number of questions about people in England that I knew, showing as much interest in those she had left behind as any worldling might have done. They were doubtless her relatives and friends; but who she was, or what her name had been, she did not tell me, and I never knew; she was simply Sister Agnes. At length she said that she would shake hands with me if I could put my hand through one of the openings in the grating. I thrust my hand through many places between the bars on my side, and she did the same on her side, without success;

but at last I was just able to touch the tip of one of her fingers, and perhaps that was a sufficient liberty to take with a Lady Abbess.

We were forbidden to go outside the bounds of the college without permission, to visit at any private house, or to go on board any vessel in the river. But whenever we found the doors or gates of any palace or quinta open, we entered without leave or ceremony, and were never molested, except occasionally by dogs, and these we routed. The reason we were not treated as intruders I attributed at the time to the native politeness and kindliness of the Portuguese, but I believe now it was from another cause. I have during my life made the acquaintance of men of many nations, and have found that, when they can speak their sentiments without fear of giving offence, they agree on one point, which is, that all Englishmen are more or less mad. So allowance was made for this our national peculiarity.

But although we could not visit much, we had many visitors, amongst whom the place of honour belongs to the Infanta Isabella, who, after the death of her father Dom João VI. had been for a time regent of the kingdom. She used to

arrive at the college in a one-mule conveyance, and with only one attendant. We honoured her with more than usual ceremony by assembling under the "arches," a name given to a large hall, the walls of which on one side were arched, the opposite wall fronting the garden. Here we were drawn up in line, and the princess passed along giving her hand to be kissed, which was done by each student while bending one knee to the ground, the senhor padre presidente walking by her side, and replying to any observations she might make.

The princess lived sometimes at a palace outside the city, and on one occasion I called with five or six other students to walk through the grounds. We did not know that the lady was at home or we should have passed by; for although we were not well grounded in matters of etiquette, we knew that it was not expected that even mad Englishmen should march into the presence of royal personages unannounced and uninvited. We found the gate closed, but some person inside seeing us, went and informed the infanta of the arrival of distinguished visitors, and a gentleman came out, invited us to enter, and ushered us at once into her

presence. We performed the usual ceremony of kissing her hand, and then she entered into conversation, asking simple questions about our names, classes, and studies. She touched the face of one bashful youth with her fingers, and remarked that he had not yet lost the rosy cheeks which he brought from England.

I think she was rather pleased with our unexpected visit, and when she dismissed us, she said we were at perfect liberty to go through the grounds, and to stay as long as we liked.

For the benefit of the ladies I should like to describe her dress, but am unable to do so, as she was not dressed in anything worthy of description. There was nothing magnificent about her, no throne, crown, sceptre, not even a coronet; no diamonds, pearls, or jewellery worth stealing. Her attire was so plain and unpretending that you might suppose she had just come from the kitchen after ordering the dinner, and scolding the servants. Her stature was short, her features regular, and her complexion much lighter than that of most Portuguese ladies. Her character was most excellent. During her regency, amid family quarrels and scandals, and civil war, she had so conducted herself as to

disarm the enmity, if not to earn the esteem of all parties.

On the whole it appears to me a great disadvantage to be born in a royal family. Their origin may be traced to heroes, but all of them in a few generations are, to use an expressive Lancashire phrase, "bred out." Their best qualities gradually wear away. They cannot choose their own partners, but each prince or princess is compelled to marry someone within the forbidden degrees of kindred. Aunts and uncles, first cousins, nephews, nieces, grandfathers and grandmothers, are united most unscientifically. Even the Australian blacks were married on better principles.

When King Jerry, son of Coco Quine, king of the Warrions, came to me, and requested me to register the death of his father (the details may to this day be found in the office of the Registrar-General in Melbourne, for recording which I received the sum of two shillings and sixpence), he explained to me the rules observed by *his* royal family in matrimonial alliances. They were such as experience dictates should be universally observed. But in

Europe, for family reasons, they have been systematically broken, the result invariably being in a few generations to destroy the family reason.

But Senhor Boaventura Curran was the visitor we liked best, better than princesses, priests, nuncios, admirals, or grandees. In the college or at the quinta we were never tired of listening to the relation of his experiences. He could be all things to all men; a boy amongst boys, cheerful, chatty, and happy; and amongst the great as dignified as any duke. His great fault was poetry, which he wrote in Portuguese with frightful facility. In the Spanish and Portuguese languages verses and rhymes can be manufactured without any trouble. Every lover runs at once to rhyme, starting off something in this style :

> Linda mininha e bella,
> 'Neste jardim veio pasear,
> Logo que puz olhos 'nella,
> Principiei 'namorar, &c.

and so on to endless misery.

Curran had been a midshipman on board a British man-of-war, but characteristically he commenced his martial career by fighting his

friends, not his enemies. The English middies made ungentlemanly references to his creed and country, which he felt to be his duty, as well as his inclination, to resent with blows. Thus his life on board was, like that of good Christians, a perpetual warfare. The first lieutenant at length remonstrated with him in a kindly manner, and advised him seriously to let Ireland and Popery go to the devil, and to trouble himself no more about them. But Boaventura said he would neither abjure his country nor his creed. So after having fought innumerable battles with his Majesty's middies, and shot a fellow-countryman in a duel at Waterford, he left the English navy when he was sixteen years of age, and took service in Portugal.

He was of an enterprising disposition, and had distinguished himself both by land and sea, in war and in diplomacy. He had received honours, of which however I never heard him speak; but on festivals and state occasions, when he appeared in uniform, he wore many medals and decorations. In the Peninsular war he served both England and Portugal, and was entitled to half-pay from both governments;

but the Portuguese pay was uncertain and irregular, the treasury at Lisbon being afflicted with chronic insolvency, and depending for a precarious existence on the proceeds of lotteries. General Ouseley, or "Ouseley doedo," mad Ouseley, as the citizens usually called him, was the only officer in Lisbon whom the government paid punctually. He used to proceed to the treasury on pay-day in full uniform and armed to the teeth; and if the money was not immediately forthcoming, took possession of the building, and remained in military occupation until his claim was satisfied. He was a big ferocious-looking hero, who had led a forlorn hope four times, and was said to have killed more Frenchmen than Wellington himself. He troubled the Portuguese government many years about his half-pay, although he carried a French bullet in his leg to the day of his death.

In the year 1807 Curran went to Bayonne in command of a Portuguese merchant vessel, under verbal instructions from the Prince Regent. While he was there his vessel as well as every other Portuguese ship in French ports, was seized in pursuance of an order from Bonaparte. He was treated as a prisoner, and

interrogated according to the custom in France. He said he was a native of Lisbon, and had been baptized at a church which he named. He was a Portuguese subject, and as France and Portugal were at peace, he protested in the name of his country against the seizure and detention of his vessel and crew. But he was not released, and was required to give his parole not to quit Bayonne.

Boaventura was a good Catholic, and, as such, no doubt believed that it was a sin to tell a falsehood with the intention of deceiving. But, as is the case with many, his practice lagged behind his principles, and very likely he considered lying in behalf of his adopted king and country as rather meritorious than otherwise.

He was required to appear one day before some French officers, one of whom, as he afterwards ascertained, was Marshal Junot. He was informed that his statement that he was a Portuguese subject and born in Lisbon, was found to be false, as there was no such church in Lisbon as that in which he had said his baptism was registered. "Of course not," he replied, "because that church was burned down

five years ago, and all its registers destroyed." This was a fact which the authorities at Bayonne had taken the trouble to ascertain, and Curran had taken the precaution of selecting that church for his baptism, because he knew that it did not exist. Marshal Junot then proposed that he should accept service under the Emperor and join the army which was about to advance into Portugal; but Curran declined, saying that he could not in honour agree to serve against his country.

He now came promptly to the resolution of breaking his parole, and of endeavouring to proceed to Portugal by land. He made an arrangement with a woman who was accustomed to travel between France and Spain, to take him over the Pyrenees. He disguised himself by assuming the dress of a peasant girl; being young and beardless the character became him well, and he commenced his journey sitting on a mule behind his adopted mother. He knew that the French would look for him as soon as his absence became known; but for the first day and night he saw no sign of anyone being in pursuit. About the middle of the second day however he perceived at a distance some

mounted men following them. When they came up the officer in command ordered his men to halt, and began to question the mother. He gave a very correct personal description of the fugitive, and wanted to know if she had seen such a young man since leaving Bayonne. Curran had one hand on his mother's waist, by way of steadying himself on the mule, and he could feel that she was trembling with fear, as she replied in a hesitating voice, that she had not seen anyone like the young man wanted. So he suddenly intervened, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, don't you recollect, yesterday we saw a man just like that; it was about midday, and he turned off the road as soon as he saw us. He must be coming along somewhere behind, and no doubt he hides himself when he sees anybody coming." The officer was delighted on receiving this information, and seeing a wine-shop at no great distance, strongly insisted on treating the ladies to a glass of wine. They went forward to the shop and dismounted, and while the mother and officer took their wine, Boaventura sat on a bench in the shadiest corner he could find, shy and reserved as became a modest young maiden.

But the officer grew quite hilarious with wine, and elated by the prospect of a speedy capture of his prey. He sat down on the bench near the young damsel, and insisted on treating her to a glass of the best wine in the house. His compliments became so profuse, and his attentions so gallant, that it was difficult for Curran to act his part without betraying his disguise. He had adopted a brunette complexion, and it was difficult to blush through the paint; but by affecting extreme modesty, and averting his comely features as much as possible, he succeeded at last in getting rid of these troublesome attentions. The officer mounted his horse, ordered his men to face about, and kissing adieux to the mother and daughter, rode gaily away in quest of the man he left behind him.

When Curran and his mother parted company in Spain, he assumed the disguise of a mendicant friar, and passed through the part of the country occupied by the French, clad in cassock and cowl, with a cord round his waist, and his beads dependent therefrom. One day he observed at some distance a troop of cavalry approaching, whom he naturally wished to avoid. Near at

hand some monks were digging in a vineyard. They were in a long row, striking the earth between the vines with large two-pronged hoes, and turning the soil towards their toes. Curran went into the vineyard, and taking a hoe from the hands of one of the brethren, motioned him to stand aside, and began to dig like the rest. He knew the monks were forbidden to speak during the hours of labour, so a profound silence was maintained, although the good men could not avoid giving some sidelong looks of surprise at the conduct of the strange brother, who cultivated the vineyard with pious diligence until the French troop had disappeared. He then threw down the hoe and resumed his journey.

When he arrived in Lisbon he sought for and obtained an interview with the prince-regent. Dom João at this time, it might almost literally be said, was between the devil and the deep sea. Bonaparte was the devil, and the deep sea was the Atlantic, on which the British fleet was cruising, and closely blockading the mouth of the Tagus. The English ambassador, Lord Strangford, had demanded his passports, in consequence of the regent, under threat of

invasion by Napoleon, having signed an order for the detention of all British subjects, and for confiscating their property. The government was in sore straits. Resistance to the power of the French seemed useless; Napoleon informed the world with triumphant insolence that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign," and his troops were ordered to occupy Lisbon. The choice lay between flight from the country, or the humiliating fate which had befallen the royal family of Spain, and the regent decided to take refuge in Brazil. With this view he delivered a letter to Curran, to be conveyed to Lord Strangford, requesting him to return to Lisbon, and giving him assurances of protection.

It was on the 27th of November when Curran left the palace, and going down to Belem, engaged a boat with two boatmen to convey him to the English fleet. There was a dense fog at the mouth of the Tagus, and when they lost sight of the land, and the boat rose and fell on the long swell of the ocean, the boatmen began to grumble, and wanted to return. Curran spoke mildly at first, and encouraged them to proceed, but the fog continuing as dense as ever. the men at last

refused to pull another stroke seawards. He then told them that he was seeking the British fleet by order of the prince regent, and drawing out his pistols, gave them the choice of obedience or death. They sullenly began again to row, and soon after the huge bulk of a line-of-battle ship loomed almost right overhead, and, on hailing her, Curran was soon enabled to find the admiral and deliver his letter.

Lord Strangford returned to Lisbon, and found the Regent full of apprehension of a French army which had entered Portugal. A proclamation was issued by Dom João, announcing his intention of departing for Brazil under the protection of the British fleet, and advising the Portuguese to receive the French as friends.

The royal family embarked at Belem, taking with them all their money and valuables. When the mad queen, Donna Maria I., was taken from her coach to the boat, she uttered piercing screams which froze with terror those who heard them.

The Portuguese fleet, consisting in all of thirty-six vessels, was detained in the river for two days by contrary winds, and during that

time Dom João was continually looking to the shore, expecting to see the victorious French appear on the hills. But on the 29th of November the wind was fair, and the fleet set sail, but before the last of the ships had crossed the bar, the second regiment of French grenadiers entered Lisbon. They had been mercilessly hurried forward from Abrantes, in order to intercept, if possible, the flight of the Regent, and they now appeared more like fugitives from a defeated army than conquerors. Broken down with hunger and fatigue many had dropped their arms by the way; but there was no one to oppose or molest them, and the ragged, unarmed, and barefooted band of Frenchmen straggled through the streets, and took quiet possession of the capital.

The next time a British admiral entered the Tagus he sent for Curran, and requested him to make a topographical map of the country around Lisbon. Curran said he had never done anything of the kind, and had not the requisite qualifications; but the admiral insisted on his making the attempt, and gave him all necessary instruments and instructions. He then opened a locker which contained bags of gold, and told

Curran to take as many as might be necessary to pay his expenses. But the offer was instantly and stiffly declined; the misguided youth, thinking it would be mean and dishonourable to take the gold, said that he did not serve his country for the sake of gain. In telling his story Curran added, "I am now half a century and two, and try me with the gold now. I did the work, paid expenses out of my own pocket, got high praise, but never another chance at the gold."

Curran had married a Portuguese lady, but was not blessed, or otherwise, with children, and the happiness of the couple was marred by political disagreement. The lady had two brothers who, on one occasion, undertook to right her wrongs by administering personal chastisement to their brother-in-law. They accordingly paid him a visit, and entered his lodgings, each armed with a whip. But the performance did not come off. Curran promptly took his pistols from a shelf, held one in each hand, and said, "Now, gentlemen, begin; I am ready"; but instead of beginning they retired quickly down the stairway.

In order that Boaventura might act the part

of a good Christian, and show no malice, even to his wife, he was recommended by his confessor to pay her occasional visits of friendship, and he did so. But it was generally understood that these visits involved a great trial of charity.

As before mentioned, he wrote poetry in the Portuguese language with great facility, and read his compositions to us. They were in stanzas of three lines each, and of interminable length. We wrote poetry too, or what was so called, both in Latin and English, on given subjects, such as sunrise, sunset, a churchyard, a ruined castle, the four seasons, and such like original topics, calculated to make the poet's eye roll in a fine frenzy, from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. We were nine poets in one class, nine imbeciles for at least twelve months, boring laboriously among dactyls and spondees, and bound to produce each morning to a cynical and critical professor our miserable effusions.

I got into trouble one morning with my Latin poetry. The previous afternoon had been very hot, and the divine afflatus had not visited me. With the utmost difficulty and

affliction I put together five lines, and then my mental powers being completely exhausted, I copied a sixth and concluding line from a classical author, "cabbaging" we called it. My poor poem of six lines found little favour. The professor grew quite witty over it; he said my muse must have been hidebound the previous day; wanted loosing out a little. He read the lines slowly through without discovering any false quantity or error, until he came to the last, the cabbage line. This he ridiculed without mercy; it was bad Latin, bad poetry, bad every way; it was a wonder how anybody could be ass enough to write such trash. He read it over several times, when one of the fellows who had been hunting in a dictionary for something, looked up and said he thought he had seen that line somewhere. The professor said, "Indeed! Do you think you could find it?" He thought he could, and turning over the leaves of the "Gradus ad Parnassum" found it immediately. It was from a good author of ancient days, a man who probably knew how to write Latin well. The professor was now in a difficult position. He said, "Did you take that line from the Gradus?"

I said, "Yes, I did." I knew my punishment must come.

After an interval of gloomy silence, during which he looked over the other poems, he said: "You have been detected in the mean and disgraceful act of cabbaging, endeavouring to palm off other people's language as your own, with the intention of deceiving. This is the essence of lying. How long you may have been living in the practice of this kind of deceit I am unable to say; your own conscience will tell you. But the consequences of such conduct, both to yourself and others, may be of incalculable magnitude. You deceive your superiors in making them believe that your abilities are greater than they really are. Thus, after a time, under false pretences, you may be admitted to holy orders, and ordained to the priesthood. Your evil habit will be confirmed by lapse of time, for a liar is never converted, and how disastrous to souls will be your example. You may even by a prolonged course of hypocrisy attain to the episcopal dignity, and the widespread desolation you will occasion while occupying a bishop's see——"

Hostage was sitting opposite to me. His

character may be imagined when I say that he actually wrote poetry in addition to that which he was forced to write; and he was the oldest in the class, and ought to have had more sense. He once composed an elegy on the death and burial of a cat which had met with a tragical fate. The opening lines were—

> "Oh, weep for the red cat departed and gone;
> Its days are all over, its course has been run," &c.

The lines were set to music by some English idiot, and sung in houses about the city.

This Hostage had his elbows on the table, and his face between his hands, and being directly opposite to me, no one could see his features but myself. At the very moment that I was elevated to the episcopal dignity, and on the point of being elected Pope of Rome, I happened to raise my eyes, and saw Hostage. He made a grimace which meant as plainly as possible, "You miserable little bishop, you are catching it, ain't you?"

Not for a thousand mitres, not for the triple crown itself, could I restrain my feelings any longer. I was completely overcome, and burst into, not tears, but laughter. I felt instantly

that my behaviour was abominable, but I could not help it. I should no doubt have been flogged if circumstances would have permitted it, but the professor could not do execution on me himself; and the preliminary complaint, and necessary explanation about the Latin, would have embarrassed him. But he ordered me instantly to go on my knees, and I did so. The floor was of red tiles, and I did penance on them for two hours, without daring to look up, for fear of seeing another grimace of that red-cat poet.

Another of our visitors was Mr. Smith, a teacher of the English language. He was an ungainly man of low stature, had a large mouth, and very plain features, and he had married a Portuguese lady, also very plain. He had only two subjects of conversation; one was his wife, whom he called "maw wauf;" and the other was his military exploits. His lady did not wear the ordinary white head-dress of the Portuguese ladies, but, aspiring to be fashionable, put on a French or English bonnet, I don't know which. This caused mistakes and trouble. He told us that on visiting some of the churches, the door-keepers or sacristans requested her to remove that bonnet, on the ground that it was

an act of irreverence to wear it in the sacred edifice; they had never seen anything like it before; it was a hat, they said, and should be taken off; gentlemen always took off their hats in church. Then Mr. Smith was bound in honour to defend his wife's head-dress; he had to give a synopsis of its history and origin; say where it had been built, where bought, and what it cost; it was of the highest and latest fashion, patronised by Her Majesty Donna Maria Segunda; and Queen Adelaide of England had, on her late visit, been seen to wear a bonnet of the same pattern. Everybody coming to church stopped to listen, forgot their prayers, began to criticize the bonnet, and to take part vehemently for or against it, until there was a kind of holy riot.

But a man who has been in battle can always tell an interesting story, and Mr. Smith had been in battle, and had, moreover, been wounded "in the imminent deadly breach," as Shakespeare expresses it. In the civil war he had been an ensign serving under Dom Pedro. When Dom Miguel raised the siege of Lisbon, Mr. Smith's company joined in the pursuit, and came up with the enemy a few miles from the city. He said,

"We were ordered to march up the hill to attack a windmill on the top. I carried my flag. About half-way up the hill there was a stone wall, broken down in some places, and when we got a little way past it, my word! the bullets began to come thick. We could not stand it, you know; and, my word! I turned round, and ran towards the wall; there was a hole in it, and I stooped down and tried to get through, when slap came the bullet and hit me. My word! it was very sudden." At this point of the story, which we knew by heart, we had heard it so often, some innocent youth asked, "But, Mr. Smith, where did the bullet hit you?" "My word! just here," he replied; "haw, haw, haw," putting his hand to the precise spot on his ignominious rear.

Although Mr. Smith taught the English language, we did not believe that he was an Englishman. It is quite certain that no true-born Briton ever received a wound except with his face to the foe, or if by chance he had been hit on the contrary, his pride and patriotism would have made him carry the secret to the grave.

Love and Murder.

In Lancashire the favourite tryst for lovers was a green lane where the wild rose and the honeysuckle grew in the hedgerows, the hawthorn blossomed, the banks were covered with violets, and the meadows around were bright with cowslips and primroses. Jocky gathered a posy for Jenny, and gave sweets to the sweet.

But Jenny had two lovers, Jocky and Jim, and on a fateful evening both met her at the same spot. Full of mortal hate and green-eyed jealousy, without waiting even to take off their Sunday coats, they rushed to battle. Jenny did not scream, nor faint, nor run away, but looked on calmly and critically, while the two swains fought for her love, and soon closed in a grip to be loosed only by death or victory. They fall together with a crash into the hedge, their faces covered with blood, and the hawthorn sheds its snowy blossoms on them in undeserved showers.

Bill now comes along; he does not ask for any explanation; the situation explains itself; and he has often been there himself. He loves

a fight dearly, and, being of a fair and impartial turn of mind, cheerfully backs both heroes. "Be hard, lads," he says, "don't give in." But the two lads are buried in thorns which cruelly spoil their best endeavours, so Bill pulls them asunder, and sets them to work again in the middle of the lane. They are soon struggling together in another death-grip, and rolling over and over in a mud-hole. The fight is very equal; no decisive advantage is gained by either party, and they pause at last, not for want of hate, but for want of breath. They are on their feet again, glaring and panting, a sight which would make any scientist despair of the religion of humanity, or the perfectibility of human nature. Bill asks Jenny which lad she prefers now, and Jenny replies, "I don't want noather on 'em; they are too dirty."

The scene closes, Jenny and Bill walking away arm-in-arm down the lane, and the two rivals, battered, bloody, and muddy, gazing after them with feelings which no poet could describe.

It has been held that the celebrated case in which the law took the oyster, and gave one shell to plaintiff and the other to defendant, was

not on all fours with this case, as Bill took the oyster, and did not give his clients even the shell.

In Australia, as we all know, Jerry won his bride by the waddy. When he came to man's estate, and had accumulated sufficient capital—namely, one possum-rug; item, two spears; item, one boomerang; item, one waddy—he was a bloated capitalist. His income was all around and he collected it personally; kangaroo, wallaby, paddy-melon, possum, turkey, ducks, eels, and grubs. His mansion was anywhere, a few branches put together as a breakwind. In search for a wife he travels cautiously into the territory of a neighbouring tribe, concealing himself in scrub and ferns. He waits and watches for the fair one, and when at last he sees her away from the camp, he stalks his prey, strikes her senseless with his waddy, and bears her away to his own kingdom, and makes her his queen. They live happily together ever afterwards. He corrects any difference of opinion with his waddy. In their travels he carries the family arms, and his lubra carries the family property and pickaninny on her back, and a fire-stick in her hand.

In Illinois the custom was different; ideas were more advanced, and the lady often made the first move, either personally, or by some wily agent of her own persuasion. Then in summer you had to ride about with her wherever she chose to go; and in winter to take her muffled in furs and wrapped in a buffalo robe in your sleigh drawn by a spanking team over the silent snow. If the sleigh was upset, the snow was soft, and no bones were broken. When your wooing had advanced so far that you sat up and raked the ashes, your case was hopeless; you had to marry or go to Arkansas.

In Portugal the proceeding required extreme delicacy of management. A young doctor practising in Lisbon fell in love with the only daughter of a widow lady. Custom forbade him to express his feelings to the young lady either personally or by letter; it would have been a breach of propriety and etiquette. So he obtained an introduction to, and was permitted to visit the mother. The latter is supposed to know by intuition the object of the visits, to ascertain the feelings of the daughter, and the character and prospects of the young gentleman. If everything is satisfactory she encourages the

visits; if otherwise, it is her duty to decline them, or at least to give the ardent lover a sufficient hint that his intended proposal had better not be made, in order that he may be saved the pain and mortification of a refusal. In this case there was some mistake or misunderstanding. The doctor, under the impression that his suit would be favourably received, made a formal demand by letter to the mother for the hand of her daughter. The reply was a rejection, though couched in the most polite and gentle terms.

To the lover the shock was so unexpected that it seemed entirely to upset his reason. He had been deceived, mocked, and cruelly wronged; his love was despised, and no doubt some unknown but favoured rival was secretly laughing at, and rejoicing in, his discomfiture. He could neither eat nor sleep, and he was filled with a fire of revenge which was burning his very soul, and which nothing but blood could quench.

It was at a late hour one summer's night when a young Englishman, who resided in one of the upper storeys of a high range of houses in Lisbon, went out on the balcony overlooking the street to enjoy the cool air of the night, and

gaze on the moonlit river before retiring to rest. Some sounds of an unusual character which seemed to proceed from the next house attracted his attention. In a short time a window was opened, a dog was thrown down to the street, and the window was again closed. He listened and reflected. In a few minutes he perceived a man leaving the house by the door which opened on the street below. He decided to go to the nearest guard-house, and give information of what he had seen and heard. He returned with two men of the guard, and on entering the house they found both the lady and her daughter dead, stabbed to death with a knife or dagger. Looking further through the rooms, they found the female servant; she also had been stabbed, and left for dead, but she was still alive and able to speak; and she said that she had opened the door for the doctor that evening and that it was he who had committed the murders. She died soon afterwards.

The doctor had arrived at his own residence, and was now alone in his bed-room enjoying the brief ecstasy of gratified revenge. He could rest and be at peace now; his enemies were dead; they could not insult him or wrong him

any more. He was quite sure he had done his business well. Nobody had seen him except the three in the house, and they were surely dead; he knew well where to use his dagger; also the troublesome little dog that he had thrown out of the window. He could not recollect just now what made him throw the dog out, but that would not matter, dead dogs were common enough. He looked at his trusty dagger; yes, it was stained, but it would be easy enough to clean it, and he laid it on the table. His clothes were also saturated in many places with blood, but he would dispose of them to-morrow or next night; he would throw them into the Tagus, or burn them; there would be plenty of time. He would make everything safe. "Ah! that witch of a widow thought I was making love to her, did she, and the old hag must be nearly thirty years old, and her daughter fourteen. But I spoiled her schemes. They did not make a fool of me."

But some one was coming up the stairs, the steps could be plainly heard. The murderer was seized with a sudden alarm. He wanted to hide away his dagger, his clothes, himself; but it was too late. The two men of the guard

entered with drawn swords, the young Englishman following. To resist was useless, to conceal himself impossible. The evidence of his crime was plain as day; the stained dagger, the blood on his clothes and hands, and even on his ghastly face, which he had not yet washed away.

One day about this time there came into the college refectory a middle-aged monk in a shabby cassock, and I observed that he was received by the professors and welcomed with unusual demonstrations of respect. He was the Prior de Marvão who had that day been discharged from prison; a convict in fact who had "done his time,"—seven years—convicted of preaching against a liberal government which had forcibly ejected him and his brethren from their monastery, seized their property, and sent them adrift into the world to live or starve as the case might be. So in the sacred name of Liberty, the spouse of Antichrist, he was kept seven years in gaol to prove to him that the goddess was not to be trifled with.

The prior belonged to a religious order one of whose special duties it was to visit the prisons, to endeavour to induce criminals to amend their

lives, and to prepare those condemned to death by sorrow and repentance to meet their doom. And thus it happened that, just released from prison himself, he found it to be his duty to attend the young doctor on the last day of the lives of both.

The progress of the criminal law in Lisbon was very slow, and many months had elapsed before the final sentence of death was passed. On the arrival of Dom Pedro in the city at the commencement of the civil war, he threw his sword into the Tagus, and announced that the reign of his daughter, Donna Maria Segunda, would be a reign of peace and mercy; no blood, not even that of murderers, should be shed; and for some years no criminal was executed. But by-and-bye murders became too fashionable, and a new gallows had to be erected. It was a triangular piece of architecture in a piece of unenclosed ground on the right bank of the Tagus at Caes de Sodré. The first time I saw it I could not understand for what purpose it had been put there; I had never seen anything like it before; so I inquired, and was soon enlightened. I was told that it was "the last limb of the law."

Senhor Padre Salles and the Prior de Marvão attended the doctor on his journey from the prison to the place of execution. Whatever preparation for death he had made had failed to inspire him with courage. He had been brave enough to kill, but he was afraid to die. He could not walk without support, and had to be dragged to the foot of the broad ladder which led up to the top of the gallows. The two priests were reciting the last solemn prayers for the dying, in which the condemned man by word or sign took no part, when the Prior suddenly fell at the foot of the ladder. The other priest interrupted his prayers, and gave all his care and attention to the Prior until it became certain that he was dead. The body was removed, and then the execution proceeded. The executioners had to carry their charge along the last brief stage of his journey, apparently more dead than alive. The drop was too low to cause instant death, and the law was finished by the united weight and efforts of the two men, one above and the other below. They do these things better in France.

Senhor Padre Salles had heard the last

confession of the doctor, and next day, when he was relating the incidents of the closing tragedy, a blundering student asked him if he thought the doctor was guilty, and the priest replied promptly, "I don't know."

On one occasion five gentlemen, belonging to an expedition from England destined to explore farther the river Niger, came and dined at the college. From the window of my room under the observatory I could see their vessels, two dark-looking little steamers and a sailing brig, at anchor far down the river. The intention was by the steamers to make a rapid passage through the low country near the coast, and thus escape as soon as possible the danger of fever, which had hitherto been found so fatal to former explorers. There were two medical gentlemen attached to the expedition, and one of these requested Father Baines to hear his confession before the voyage was resumed, in order to be prepared for the death which might be awaiting him in Africa. He said he belonged to the Church of England, which he considered to be a branch of the Catholic Church; that he believed in the Real Presence, the Seven Sacraments, Purgatory, and in fact, in

all the doctrines of the Church of Rome; but that he was not prepared to acknowledge the papal supremacy. The bridge was nearly crossed; another step would have brought the stray sheep into the one fold of the one shepherd, but that step was not taken.

One morning the three vessels were no longer visible down the river, and some weeks later we read of the failure of that fatal enterprise. The brig returned to England, but the two steamers were left to decay at Fernando Po, only eight out of forty-seven officers and men belonging to them remaining alive. The doctor was amongst the dead.

Alfred Martin was one of those young men who break their fathers' hearts. He had plenty of talent, and could not be called wicked, but he was very wayward and unstable. His father was a surgeon, who tried to educate his son for the medical profession; the only practical result being that we obtained gratis mock lectures on anatomy as delivered by the parent. Alfred commenced by selecting a subject from his audience, placing him on his back at full length on a table, and enjoining the corpse to lie still until the dissection was complete. He then

drew forth a dagger which he usually carried not for any murderous purpose, but for use in the dagger scene in Macbeth, which was one of his favourite pieces, and said, "Alfred, bring me a glass of water." He then commenced to cut and saw the body, describing to us the various organs, their normal appearance in health, and their symptoms when diseased.

One Sunday he strolled into the Protestant Church when an apostate friar was holding forth on the errors and abominations of the Church of Rome. He listened for awhile with as much patience as he could, and at last arose and expressed in very strong language his opinion of the character of the preacher, the result being that Alfred was expelled from the building. Next day he came to the college, had an interview with the president, and after relating what had occurred, requested permission and authority to thrash that wretched renegade; but he was dissuaded from the enterprise, violent measures for reclaiming lost sheep being now out of fashion.

When Dr. Martin found that his son was a failure as a medical student, but showed a decided talent for drawing and painting, he

obtained his admission to the best school of arts in the city; but the young man mixed his studies with so many mad pranks that he was expelled. He was next put on board ship and went to Liverpool as a seaman before the mast. On the return voyage the vessel was wrecked on the coast near Setubal, and he returned to Lisbon with all his worldly possessions, one shirt and a pair of trousers. When he had been decently clad and fed he came up to the college and related his maritime adventures. Such "moving accidents by flood and field" had certainly never occurred to any man before, excepting perhaps to Ulysses and Baron Munchausen.

Alfred paid a visit to Mr. Curran, and while that gentleman had his back turned, he took in his hand a poniard which had aroused his dramatic instincts, and put himself in the tragic attitude which he assumed when enacting the dagger scene in Macbeth. Curran happening to turn about rather suddenly, and seeing his visitor with one arm outstretched holding the deadly weapon, his gaze fixed on vacancy, his features distorted, and his limbs trembling with horror, thought he was mad,

and seizing him by the wrist, disarmed him and turned him out of the apartment.

Next day Alfred's friend, a Belgian count, called on Curran and delivered a challenge in due form. It was a most elaborate composition, beautifully written, ornamented with artistic designs in the margin, and in one corner of the document appeared two pistols crossed, in another two rapiers also crossed, as an intimation to his adversary to select the weapon by which he was to die. But duelling was going out of fashion, and Curran, suspecting that his foe was a fool or a madman, brought the challenge to the college, and took counsel's opinion—that is, the advice of his spiritual director—and so the duel did not take place.

The last device of the doctor for steadying his wayward son was to lock him up with a lathe, and provide him with wood and tools in order to make him a turner. He also locked up his coat to prevent him from wandering abroad after his hours of labour. This policy appeared to have some success, for we did not see Alfred for about six months, and then he came, guarded by his parent, to bid us all a last and mournful adieu. I met him in one of the corridors; he

told me that he was going to the distant shores of New South Wales, and that he should not see me again for twelve years. He grasped me fervently by the hand, and seemed loath to part, sighing and sobbing, and wiping away with his handkerchief the stage tears which trickled down his woeful countenance. What became of him I don't know; we saw him no more.

It is probable that I should have been a most excellent Protestant missionary if such had been my vocation, and if I had been stationed for instance on an island where eternal summer reigned, with a salary of three hundred a year to support a wife and family, and gentle savages to convert who would do just what I told them, and would not eat me. I could send in reports to my constituents which would draw tears and cheers and subscriptions. I might even have accepted a bishopric *in partibus infidelium*, and have cruised about among the sunny isles of the south in a well-found schooner, like St. Paul in the midland sea, omitting however the hunger and fasting, the chains, the stripes, and the shipwrecks. But it seems that I had no call for any state in

particular, and all through life have been doing what I did not want to do, and wherever I have been living was always anxious to go somewhere else.

When it became evident that a student had no call for the ecclesiastical state, the President would say—"He won't do for us, he is clever at other things." Having arrived at that conclusion about my own case, I asked his permission to return to England; but in order that I might not come to a hasty or wrong decision, I was advised to remain for six months longer, and I agreed to do so. During that time I was supposed to be studying metaphysics and mathematics, but as the term drew to a close, I did not feel inclined to devote much attention to them; I was thinking of the future. Mr. Ilsley, the professor, remonstrated with me, and induced me to promise to do my best to study and comply with the rules until I left the college. Soon afterwards he ordered each student in the class to write an essay on some philosophical subject. The essays were to be committed to memory, and recited by the authors from a rostrum, before an audience composed of all the members of the college, and

a number of residents in the city who were invited to attend. The subject assigned to me was the Predicaments of Aristotle—a cruel imposition. It was impossible to write anything on such a subject which would be interesting. I could indulge in no flights of poetic fancy, use no flowers of speech, no figures of rhetoric, to excite the imagination, or captivate the feelings of my audience. I felt an inclination to attack Aristotle and demolish his predicaments, but discipline and better counsels prevailed. The materials for my discourse were gathered from various sources, and used in a somewhat unscrupulous manner. I knew my flock would like a short sermon, so I wrote with brevity.

When the day of ordeal arrived, it so happened that I was one of the last to speak. The discourses were very dismal and monotonous, and the audience sat in silence. There were no cheers, no smiles, no laughter, no encores. It was worse than a funeral. The youth who preceded me was so nervous that it was pitiable to look at him. His voice trembled, his hands shook, and all the time he spoke he grasped the edge of the rostrum, trying to steady his quivering

limbs. One of the seven deadly sins whispered in my ear, "Is it possible that, in a few minutes, you are going to exhibit yourself as a wretched coward like that?" and I answered emphatically, "No; I had as lief not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing as I myself."

So in my turn I mounted the rostrum slowly, and deliberately scanned the faces before me from right to left, and then from left to right, avoiding only one face to the left, the owner of which had threatened to wink at me, with the view of upsetting my gravity. He was afterwards a vicar-general, and had to leave off winking, at least by daylight.

After delivering the first sentence I stretched forth my right hand, and gradually warming with my subject, used vigorous gesticulation, and great power of voice. I drew out the predicaments one by one, and clothed them with life and light and beauty, such as they had never known before, and never will again. I could see that I was making an impression of some sort on my audience, very likely one of astonishment. Hitherto I had always spoken my pieces in a monotonous humdrum style; they were simply tasks to be got through any-

how; so this sudden burst of eloquence was inexplicable. There was present amongst the visitors the then young Condé de Oliveira, and after the exhibition was over, he requested one of the professors—the same who had made me do penance on the tiles—to introduce me. The Count was trying to learn the English language, and although it is probable that he did not understand six words of my oration, yet my delivery had taken him captive. He said, "You did speak very well, you will make very good preacher." He was, alas, mistaken. I bowed and blushed, but was unable to tell him that the church was soon to be deprived of my brilliant oratory.

Father Ilsley took me on board the "Totness," a fruit-laden schooner bound for Liverpool. Before he left the vessel, I asked him whether I should abstain from flesh-meat on days of fasting and abstinence, and he said, "Eat everything that is set before you." I followed his advice to the letter, never missed a meal, and even bettered it, by eating grapes that were not set before me. The most holy of the students did not consider it sinful to steal fruit belonging to the college, and to extend the principle a little

was quite easy and pleasant: it was not sinful to steal fruit belonging to anybody.

Father Ilsley also said, that as I had been well-instructed in all Christian duties, he had no advice to give me except this: "Never put yourself under an obligation to anyone; always keep yourself independent, and it will be greatly to your advantage through life." No man has ever had a more sincere desire to be independent than I have had, but to this day I am quite willing to put myself under the greatest obligation to any man who will make me so.

Captain Beer came aft and shook hands, saying—"Welcome on board the 'Totness.'" He told me afterwards he knew I was not a Freemason, as I did not respond to his Masonic sign. He advised me to join the brotherhood, as it would help me along in the world. He said also that he was a Freethinker, and did not believe in anything in particular. His wife was on board; she was a Baptist, and on our first Sunday at sea wanted me to listen to a chapter of her Bible, and become a Baptist. She could not imagine how any man of intelligence could be a Catholic. She had been nine weeks in Lisbon, and was astonished and grieved at

the deplorable spread of Popery amongst the Portuguese.

Whatever else I might want, I did not begin life in want of advice.

Off Cape Finisterre we were becalmed for many hours. At night the ocean was on fire. Not far away a whale was spouting jets of flame, and shoals of porpoises about the vessel were swimming in water that looked like melted silver. We had four seamen and a cabin-boy on board; two were trawlers, Devonshire men, who had no more nerves than a stringy bark stump; of immovable countenance; neither a dead calm nor a howling gale and raging sea affected their feelings, for they had none. They were good men on deck, but rather heavy and clumsy in reefing. When the gale began one of them was ordered to take in the gaff-topsail, and he could not do it. Then the other tried, but likewise failed. Jack, the man-of-war's man, next went up, and holding on by only one leg, with the other leg and his hands furled and secured the sail. Jack had deserted from a man-of-war in the Tagus, and was working his passage to Liverpool. The fourth seaman was an apprentice who had been on board the

"James Graham" when she was wrecked a short time previously, having struck on a rock near the Spanish coast. All his spare time was spent in diligently studying navigation in Cooper's and Marryatt's novels.

The "Totness" was rolling about helplessly in the swell, the tiller jerking to and fro, and the sails flapping idly. Every now and then the captain poked his head above the companion-hatch, and said, "Howz ur head, Rider?" and Rider answered, "Eazt be zouth, zur, half-eazt." Jack said, "We shall pay for this soon;" and so we did. An easterly gale set in, and when I went on deck next morning the lee gunwale was buried, and half the deck was under water. The "Totness" was built for speed, and did not waste time in rising over the big seas, but bored right through them, taking tons of water on deck. In going forward the men had to look out for their lives, and dodge the seas, which continually threatened to wash them overboard. The cabin-boy was secured by a rope tied round his waist and fastened to the mast. He was trying to make a fire to boil the kettle, but it was impossible: great green floods rushed over the side, put out his poor fire, drenched him to

the skin, and would have washed him overboard if the rope round his waist had not saved him. And once I saw Rider give him a savage slap on the head, which felled the poor boy to the deck, because he happened to be in the way when that unamiable seaman was passing.

The gale continued for three days and three nights, and for ten days and nights Mrs. Beer was invisible, and had to postpone my conversion *sine die*.

One morning a vessel was in sight, and as we approached her Captain Beer began chalking his supposed longitude on the hatch, and by-and-by displayed his figures for the information of the other captain. The latter displayed his longitude too, and I observed that these scientific navigators differed to the extent of nearly three degrees. But it did not matter much; they very likely halved the difference. The ship was from New Brunswick, laden with timber, and about a week afterwards we spoke her again sailing with a favourable breeze into her port, Milford Haven.

I landed in Liverpool and went to the old

home near the fells. For six months I had nothing to do, and nothing for doing it. When the spring came, in the merry month of May I humped my swag, and started again for Liverpool, having five shillings and threepence in my pocket, and two sandwiches by way of viaticum. I walked on the whole day until I arrived at a wayside inn about four miles from the city, where I stayed for the night, sharing a bed with a teamster who was taking a load of hay to market. Next morning I had a bowl of coffee, which cost me a penny, and on that, and the remains of my sandwiches, I breakfasted. For the next ten days I wandered about the streets and docks, living as those only know how who have had a similar experience. One day I met Captain Beer, who had just arrived from Lisbon, and was about to return as soon as he had discharged his cargo. He asked me to go with him, and I was willing to do so if he would take the "Totness" to any other port in the world except Lisbon; but he could not see his way to accommodate me. Another day, when I was on Prince's Parade, looking across the Mersey for an opening in life, a recruiting sergeant, gay with ribbons, accosted me. His

judgment was very sound. I *was* down on my luck certainly. He asked me to take a glass of ale with him, and offered me a permanent situation. He said Her Majesty the Queen was anxious to obtain the services of a few smart and spirited young men, and he was certain I was one of the right sort, and would just suit her. He took a shilling out of his pocket, and wanted me to take it: he even tried to slap it into the palm of my hand. I had seen cattle sold that way at Inglewhite Fair, only instead of a shilling a knife was used, and I did not want to be sold. So I took the ale and declined the shilling. At last I met with a fellside man of the name of Cowell, and through him I obtained my first billet as barman at a gorgeous spirit vaults in Manchester Street. The salary was small, the hours of labour long, and a large proportion of our daily visitors were by habit and profession sinners. At first I was much shocked with the language used, but soon grew accustomed to it. The business was conducted by a manager, a barmaid, and three young men. In addition to serving liquor, we were expected to suppress any disorder which might arise, and to pitch unruly characters into the

street. Fights were very frequent, and we had to be "sudden and quick in quarrel." I remember one reprobate, who had been a soldier in the British Legion under General Evans, and who, amongst his other exploits, boasted that he had hanged a priest in Spain. Our clients were not on the average very respectable, and we did not inquire particularly into their characters, but it seemed to me that we ought at any rate to blackball the hangman, so I took the wretch by the throat, pitched him into Preston Street, and flattened him out in the gutter. This was one of the few virtuous actions of my life.

I next commenced teaching. As a contribution to the controversy regarding the benefits of a classical education, I may mention that during my life I have received for teaching the Latin language the sum of thirty-one shillings and sixpence—no more. Greek and Mathematics were only encumbrances; I could find no use for them on my journey, so I dropped them by the wayside. Metaphysics, Moral Philosophy, Logic, even the immortal Predicaments, were words without meaning to my patrons and friends.

I spent six years in various places and occupations, principally in teaching, game-keeping, poaching, haymaking, fishing, writing for a newspaper, and conducting a choir, until I had amassed the sum of twenty pounds and a few shillings.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

Illinois.

Early in the year 1849 I took my passage in the ship "Oneco," of Boston, United States, Captain Drew, bound for New Orleans. At this time every ship crossing the Atlantic carried great numbers of emigrants from Ireland, who were fleeing from famine and fever. But fever followed them to the ships; immense numbers were buried at sea, and tens of thousands died in New York soon after landing at that port. The survivors became for the most part Fenians and dynamiters.

We took the trade wind in latitude 19° N., and over the rippling sea, under a cloudless sky, fanned by the fairest and gentlest of breezes, we sailed on. Fever and dysentery took possession of the ship, and at one time it seemed likely that no one would be left

alive to land in the New World. Nearly everyone was attacked, and there was no doctor on board, and little medicine. Captain Drew did all he could. He began by administering a dose of salts to all hands, and caused the 'tween-decks to be washed and fumigated every morning,—but still we died. The dead were dropped into the sea at the dawn of day in as silent and quiet a manner as possible—no prayers, no ceremony, no wailing; if a surviving friend or relative wept, the tears fell in silence. Then an old seaman, a repulsive-looking villain, used to sing aloud, as if in mockery of the dead, "Ho! hoy! lift the dead, ahoy!"

When I was seized with fever I had my bed made in the long-boat on deck for the sake of fresh air. There I had a good view of the spacious cemetery, and could count the interments. I was told I should certainly die in that boat because one man had already died in it; but as men, women, and children had been dying in every part of the ship, there seemed to be no safe place except at the mast-head, and I could not sleep there. I ate very little, drank water blackened with burnt rice, and bathed in a tub of salt water every morning. We

sighted Porto Rico, and off Cuba the winds began to be baffling, blowing on shore and off shore, so that it took us a week to pass the island. Every morning before sunrise the seamen went round the ship to gather the corpses, and looked into the long-boat to see if I was one. This annoyed me very much, and I told them one morning, when they were peering into the boat, that I should prefer not to be disturbed so early, and that I hoped they were not in a hurry about me. They said they were not in any particular hurry, and as they walked away one of them remarked, in a tone of disappointment, that "He'd be damned if I was going to die at all."

At Cape San Antonio, the western point of Cuba, a cool, fresh breeze sprang up, and I began to feel better. Next day I left the long-boat, moved about the deck, and felt hungry. While I was sick a good Samaritan of the name of Sparks, a young lawyer from Dublin, attended on me most kindly and assiduously. He afterwards practised his profession at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and the last time I heard from him was just after he had finished a speech of more than an hour's duration, in

defence of a man who was charged with murder. The thermometer in the court stood at one hundred and ten degrees: he wore neither wig, gown, coat, nor vest, and yet his client was acquitted.

When we arrived near the mouth of the Mississippi a boat pulled by six men came alongside the "Oneco." The first question asked was, "How is the cholera in New Orleans?" and the reply was, "Dying like rotten sheep." A steamboat called the "Hercules" took us in tow; we entered the river by the south-west passage, and anchored for the night. Next morning the tow-boat took the "Oneco" and another vessel, which had two hundred Mormons on board, up the river. Whisky was sold on the steamer, and its effects soon became visible. A duel with knives commenced on the main deck between our second mate, who was a Portuguese, and a seaman named Walker; but Captain Drew interfered in time to prevent fatal results. Next, one of our men was shot in the arm near the elbow by the captain of the Mormon vessel, and another had his nose and face smashed by a blow with a handspike. Our seamen went

through the vessel trying to borrow firearms for the purpose of shooting the officers of the Mormon ship, but could not procure any. At length some of the most violent of the men were thrust below into the forecastle, and then the two captains began to make speeches at one another, full of strange oaths and vigorous curses. Our captain stood on the upper deck of the tow-boat in full view, with his thumbs stuck in the waistband of his pants, but the Mormon captain stood behind the door of his cabin, just showing his face only, as he evidently expected a return shot.

We arrived at New Orleans on Sunday, 5th April, 1849. My first desire on landing was for fresh provisions, and having obtained what has since been named a square meal, I went to the cathedral. It was the festival of Easter, and the building was filled with a congregation of many nations and of many shades of colour. The coloured ladies, who in those days were all slaves, sat apart on benches, and were arrayed in robes of the most brilliant colours, and bunches of gaudy ribbons were tied all over their woolly heads. There was an odour in the church which did not seem to be that of

sanctity. The white ladies were pale and fragile, and very like angels—pure spirits without any body. Along one side of the church were arranged confessionals, on which were inscriptions intimating to penitents that their confessions could be heard in French, English, Spanish, or German. The sermon was preached in the French language. After mass, being desirous of information, I addressed the remains of a man which I met outside. He had once been an Irishman six feet in height, but had been reduced by the climate to a skeleton. He seemed very tired and listless, slow in speech and motion. He said he had been twelve years in New Orleans, and was "getting along." I looked at him again, and felt very much disheartened. It seemed certain that he would soon be in the hands of the undertaker, and I had always understood that "getting along" in America meant prospering and growing rich; but it seemed to mean something very different—getting along to the grave in fact, and I need not have come so far for that.

Next day I strolled about the city, and passed a building in which a sale of slaves

was taking place. They stood in a row under a verandah, were well dressed, strong, and healthy. Intending bidders went along the row inspecting the cattle, and examining their limbs. The slaves never spoke or moved except when bidden to do so, and gave no sign of any emotions or feelings except by looking at the bidders, as if to see what kind of man their next master was likely to be.

I went away from the river, which was above the level of the streets. There was no drainage—that was an impossibility. In every part of the city were channels filled with muddy water, stagnant, green, and slimy. The stinks were those of the good city of Cologne multiplied by ten. In one lonely street, which seemed beautiful with flowers and flowering trees and shrubs, I could not see a single inhabitant; I thought the cholera must have emptied it. And then I wondered how graves could be dug in this dismal swamp without drowning the diggers. It was in this street I first saw a bull-frog. It appeared to be an ordinary frog, dead, and swollen to a preposterous size by the tropical climate, or malaria, or the cholera. But after gazing at

the monster for a while I could see that it was alive. I touched it cautiously with the toe of my boot, and it actually jumped about three inches. Then it occurred to me that I was in a part of the world in which I might expect to see alligators that could eat a man for breakfast, and boa-constrictors that could constrict and swallow a bullock. It was advisable to go about with circumspection, or my adventures might become too numerous. I returned to the levee, and crossed to the right bank of the Father of Waters. Here I saw a steamer whose boiler had exploded a few days before. The upper decks had been blown away, and the way in which the engines had been shattered and twisted was frightful to see. To keep up my spirits I went to the nearest grocery and asked for a glass of brandy. For five cents the barkeeper gave me a decanter of brandy and a glass: I could take as much as I liked. I learned also that he was not particular about money, excepting only copper coins. He said the great United States tendered their open-armed hospitality to the people of all nations, and gave a welcome refuge to them and their coinage in silver or gold without distinction of

creed or class or colour. A very old nigger was sitting in a dry ditch; the wool on his head was white, and he was muttering something to himself. I tried to enter into conversation with him. He spoke a mixture of French and English which was hard to understand, but I could make out that he was a native of Africa, who had been brought over to the States when he was a boy, and sold for his market value. His present owner was a Monsieur Susette, living at a mansion which he pointed out to me. The next man I addressed was a Dutchman, who could not speak English; and as I could not speak Dutch, our conversation was unprofitable.

After recrossing the river, I met a number of the seamen belonging to the "Oneco" out on a cruise; they were looking for the captain and mate of the Mormon vessel, with a view of obtaining satisfaction for the injuries inflicted the preceding day. They were armed now and ready for battle. The man who had been shot was with them, having his arm in a sling. The bullet was still in his elbow, and he had not even been to a doctor. I advised him to go to one at once, but he said it would be time

enough to go when he had settled with those blue b——d Yankees. I never heard whether he obtained the settlement.

In the evening I went on board the "Timoleon," bound for St. Louis. As we proceeded up the river the annual flood was coming down, and the land on both banks was covered with water. Sometimes for a whole day we could see no dry land—nothing but flood and forest. At Natchez twelve men came on board, each carrying a rifle, and bringing with them three black boys. (The boys, I may explain, were men, slaves in fact). They were all going to California, and they were the first "forty-niners" I saw. Before coming on board they shouted from the shore, asking if we had any cholera on board. This question was asked in the same manner at every town or landing as we went up the river. The reply was always in the negative, but was not always true. The twelve men from Natchez were tall fellows in the prime of life, and appeared to have been from home before. I made the acquaintance of one of them. He told me his name was Adams, and that six more of the party bore the same name, although they were not relations, but merely accidental

acquaintances. His native State was Indiana; he had been through the Mexican war, but had got no further than Natchez on his return journey, and now he was going home by way of California in order to get some gold, as he did not like to return to Indiana as poor as he was when he left it. Some years afterwards I met him in Australia, going home that way; but I don't know if he ever arrived, as it is probable that he would take Queensland, New Zealand, and Africa on his way. The Adamses and their friends played poker and euchre with great intelligence.

On the lower deck we had about two hundred immigrants, mostly Irish. Several cases of cholera occurred amongst them, and one girl died. She was buried in the forest on the left bank of the river, and while some men were digging her grave others were having a contest at jumping close by. A small board was nailed to a tree near the grave, on which an inscription had been rudely painted—"Catherine Going, of St. Louis, aged seven years." This epitaph seemed incorrect, as the family belonged to the city of Cork, and they were only now going to St. Louis. As the boat receded from the shore

the father of the girl uttered a last lament and farewell to his child from the guard-deck; and his accents were so loud and piercing that for a time every other voice was hushed.

The "Timoleon" was not a first-class boat, and apparently was not piloted with skill. She went aground so often that it began to be suspected she was insured over her value, and a feeling of insecurity became general. One night there was a great crash forward, and a sudden rush of passengers out of their cabins. A huge snag had been thrust upwards through the forepart of the boat, and when the engines were reversed, the snag was slowly drawn out like a gigantic tooth, grinding and crashing among the fractured timbers as it went downwards. All felt certain the boat would go down in a minute or two. The clerk remarked that he was sorry for those people down below—more than two hundred, including the deck hands—as they were sure to be drowned. The people down below were strangely silent too, only one or two being awoke by the accident, and they gave no alarm, not being aware that anything particular had happened. One of the engineers deserted his engine, and, with some of the deck hands, ran up

into the saloon, intent on saving their lives, as, even if the lower deck should be submerged, the upper deck might remain above the water if that part of the river was not too deep. After waiting some time, and finding that we were still afloat, an examination was made by the light of lamps, when it was found that the snag had bored great holes through the three decks and one chimney, but had merely grazed the hull without causing any leak. So we proceeded up the river, the runaway engineer, as he returned to his engine, observing to his mate, "You've got no presence of mind, you haint. If the boat had gone down you'd ha' been drownded." The boy who "stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled," would have been considered by this engineer as the biggest fool in the ship.

We arrived without further mishap at St. Louis in ten days from the time of leaving New Orleans. It may give some idea of the length of this mighty river, when I mention that we might have continued our voyage for thirty days more before arriving at the head of navigation at the mouth of the Yellowstone River. When the "Timoleon" was moored at the levee, a number of people came on board while the passengers

were preparing to go on shore. Among the latter was a man wearing a blue blanket coat, who during the voyage did not seem to have any acquaintance nor any baggage. As he went down the gangway towards the shore a black boy behind him was stopped by a stranger, who told him to stand on one side. The man in the blue blanket coat looked back from the end of the gangway as if expecting something, and then returned to the boat. He said to the black boy who had been stopped, "Come along, boy." The stranger said, "He can't come; I am the City Marshal, and I arrest him as a runaway slave." The other replied, "The boy is mine, and you can't have him." The stranger said, "If the boy is yours, where's your papers?" "Thems my papers; where's yours?" the blue blanket man retorted, as he suddenly drew from his pocket a revolver, which he pointed straight at the City Marshal's head, adding, "Let the boy pass." It seemed the City Marshal's papers were not ready, as he stepped promptly to one side, and the boy passed, his owner following him, with the pistol still in his hand, until they were lost to view among the crowd on the levee.

Prairie de Long.

Ever since the battle of Waterloo, it is said that if you listen attentively to the song of the blackbird you will find that it distinctly whistles the following words :—

> The Taxes! The Taxes!
> Who made 'em? Who made 'em?
> Billy Pitt! Billy Pitt!

For many years after the long war times were hard, and the great question was, How to live. Pitt made the war, the war made the taxes, and the taxes made the hard times. But during the war times were good; there was plenty of work, high wages, and no starvation. But when peace was made everything went wrong; work was scarce, wages low, and poor folks were starving—"clemmed," as they expressed it. They grew troublesome, and various means of dealing with them were tried. Poverty in England being criminal, the beggars were imprisoned or transported, and shot or sabred if they collected in crowds. Sometimes they were fed. But for many years afterwards it was the firm opinion of many men of

experience that the only effectual remedy for poverty was a big war.

It was in the year 1817 that fifteen or twenty families in North Lancashire determined to take Ruin by the forelock before he had completely got the upper hand, and settle in Illinois. The first comers were the Winstanleys, Bambers, Threlfalls, and Newshams. They came down the Ohio in flat-boats, bringing their goods and chattels, and settled at Prairie de Long, which afterwards was known as the English Settlement. The first comers had, no doubt, to undergo great hardships. The climate could not be called salubrious; the cold was intense in winter for two or three months, and the heat was very great for the same length of time in summer. At intervals the angel of death passed over the land, bringing fever and ague, milk-fever, or lung-fever, thinning the already scanty population, and taking off many of the children, so that large families were rare; but still the population increased, and those who survived were mostly tall and strong. The farmer would have lived in a perfect paradise if he had had good health and a good market for his produce; for the land was rich, giving extra-

ordinary yields of grain, fruit, and vegetables. Cattle fattened on the superabundant pasture of the prairies, which extended as far as the eye could reach—a rolling ocean of verdure. The forest teemed with game—deer, bears, turkeys, prairie-birds, quail, and pigeons—and also yielded a plentiful harvest of mast nuts, plums, gooseberries, and other fruits. Poverty at any rate was now left far behind, and the new settlers had escaped effectually from king, lords and commons, landlords, bishops, parsons, tithes, and taxes.

Having been engaged as teacher at this settlement, I crossed the Mississippi by the ferry-boat from St. Louis; and as at that time there were no coaches or railroads, I commenced my journey on foot. Between the river and the bluffs, which bounded the back country, there was a strip of low land, extremely fertile, called the Bottoms. The crops on it were frequently destroyed by floods, but the yield in favourable seasons was so enormous that the land was kept in cultivation. Many of the occupants were of French descent, and they still retained the speech and habits of their ancestors. I passed a man walking slowly near the margin of a

morass, holding in his hand a slender spear, with which he was piercing frogs. He seemed to be having good sport, and he put his game into a bag slung over his shoulders.

The day was warm, and by the time I arrived at Belleville—about midday—I was thirsty. The town was then in the straggling state of advancement, having plenty of vacant lots on the main street. I saw on my right hand as I walked along a grocery, over the door of which was suspended a sign displaying two glasses of foaming beer, underneath which were the words, *Zwei Gläser Bier für fünf cents.* A thirsty man could translate German like that without much trouble. There was a man behind the counter who served the beer, and another man sitting on a chair. The latter I found was a Yorkshireman, a new arrival, like myself, so I rested my weary frame on a flour barrel, and we talked over our experiences and prospects. After a while another man came into the grocery, and entered into conversation with the man behind the counter. We took little notice of them at first, but I could hear that the new comer wanted payment of a debt. Presently the stranger made a blow at the store-

keeper across the counter, and the latter fell on the floor, roaring "Murder! murder! Fetch a doctor; I'm a dead man!" We looked at him over the counter, and saw blood on his clothes, and that the other man had a knife with a long blade in his hand. The Yorkshireman exclaimed, "Why, he's stuck him!" and then picked up his chair and dashed it against the assassin, calling upon him to give up the knife. The assassin threw it on the floor and I took it up; it had a spring on the back of the handle, which had to be pressed before the blade would close. The storekeeper kept roaring, and several men came in to see what was the matter, and at last a doctor arrived and took charge of the wounded man. The assassin by and by said he reckoned he would go over to the squire and give himself in custody, adding, "That greenhorn thar needn't ha' been in such a hurry with his chair; I warnt a gwine to run away! No, sirree!" We all went over to visit the officer who represented the majesty of the law. He did not seem very majestic, but he was a man of business; he kept a grocery, and held his court in the same apartment, and was ready at all times to administer law or whisky

to his fellow citizens impartially. He took his seat on a stool behind his desk, on which were a few law books and statutes of the State of Illinois. The prisoner, or at least the man who should have been the prisoner, took the matter very coolly. He said, "Squire, I've come to give myself up. I've just been knifing that coon over to the other grocery. I allowed he ort to pay me a debt he owed in cash; and he said he warnt going to pay no cash, ony trade. And he cussed and darred me, and sarsed, and I ain't a-going to be darred by no man." So saying, the prisoner took a cigar out of his pocket, lit it at one which the squire was smoking, took his seat on the counter, and whiffed away in silence and contentment. After a few particulars respecting the occurrence had been elicited, the squire said, "Well, no one ain't made no charge agin you so far; and as the gentleman ain't dead yet, this court stands adjourned until this day week." I had to continue my journey, and never heard exactly what the court did in the matter on the following week. But about twelve months afterwards, as I was riding to St. Louis, I met a man on horseback not far from Belleville, and

as he approached I recognised him as the store-keeper who had, as I thought, been assassinated. Curiosity induced me to address him, and I asked him what was done to the man who attacked him with the knife. He said, "You remember the first doctor; he said I should die, sure; nothing could save me. Then two more came along, and they too said I should die. Then we got McDougal from St. Louis, and he fixed me up all right. Never felt better in my life." "But what was done to the man who nearly killed you?" I inquired again. "Oh, nothing. You see, we agreed to settle it. You see this horse I am riding—a good nag, ain't it?" I said, "Yes, it seems a good horse." "Well, he gave me this horse and thirty dollars to square it. So I reckon I got the best of the deal, though at one time it looked rather risky."

I did not arrive at my destination until long after sundown, but I received a most hospitable welcome; and I may add that during my residence on the prairie, I was treated more like an old friend than a stranger.

The school was in the forest, in a small unfenced clearing; it was built of logs, and had a large fire-place, in which, during the

cold winter, a huge fire was kept burning. The children arrived by various tracks through the forest, the land for some distance around being unfenced and unoccupied. The school was built on the line dividing St. Clair and Monroe counties, in order that the funds of two school sections might be made available to pay the teacher's salary, the amount received from one section being insufficient. Three managers or directors, elected biennially, administered the affairs of the school. It was necessary that I should pass an examination, and obtain a certificate of competency from at least two of the directors, so I rode over the prairie with a guide, and called on those officials. One was a cooper at work in his shop, a German; he asked me only one question, and then signed the certificate which I wrote out for him. Afterwards we called on another director, and he signed the certificate without asking any questions; so I passed my examination, obtained my degree, and my appointment was complete.

My predecessor in the school was a farmer, a native of Kentucky. He had been elected Justice of the Peace, and now divided his time between the labours of his farm and the duties

of his office. When he took charge of the school he engaged to teach reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic as far as simple proportion. He said that was as much learning as any boy or girl wanted who had to live and work on the prairies; it was as much, he reckoned, as he was going to give, anyway. If anybody wanted more they would have to go somewhere else to get it.

So my duties as teacher were easy, and the scholars were tractable. As we were surrounded by the forest, I could watch from the school-door the movements of the birds, beasts, and reptiles. Sometimes a deer would spring silently into the clearing, stand for a few moments gazing and listening, and then bound away into the woods. Grey squirrels and fox-squirrels would run up and down the trees; sometimes six or eight of them could be seen chasing each other rapidly, and going round and round a tree like a big snake. And snakes of many kinds were plentiful. One large black snake lived under the school, and used to come out and bask in the sun. I was never on good terms with snakes, and kept a hickory stick near the door for the purpose of killing that

one; but it was a cunning animal, and would always glide quickly under the floor before I could hit it. The evenings, and sometimes part of the night, I spent in hunting with the boys. Coons we hunted at night. We had five hounds, all of the same breed, black, with brown muzzles. When the dinner-horn was blown they would sit in a row, turn their noses up to the sky, and join in a chorus of long-drawn melodious howls. The oldest dog was called Sam, and he had more knowledge about game than any dog I ever knew. He always took the lead, instructed the other dogs, gave the key-note, let us know in intelligible language what game was afoot, which way it was heading, and when it was brought to bay, or treed.

The manners and customs on the prairie were such as might be expected under the circumstances. Every house was open to visitors at all times, and every guest was welcome. All affairs, both public and domestic, were known and discussed with a freedom and good nature seldom met with in older societies. As much law was administered as seemed good to the general public, and no more. It was well understood

that lawyers existed only for the good of the community, and not the community for the good of the lawyers; judges and counsel had to be civil to citizens both inside and outside court, or take the consequences like any other men. Improper or insulting questions were never put to a lady giving evidence; there was no man so low as to be capable of such an offence. Gentlemen usually were armed when travelling, or while attending court, or balls, dances, or public meetings. The consequence was that most people practised civility, and used no language that was likely to give offence. While at Prairie de Long I never heard any man call another a liar; it was an expression especially dangerous to life. I remember Colonel Benton once coming from St. Louis to Belleville, having been engaged to conduct some important case in the local court. Some other lawyers were present who resided in the neighbourhood, and they considered that no counsel from St. Louis was required, and that their abilities had been slighted. When the Colonel rose to open his case, these gentlemen began to talk, to cough, shuffle their feet, and in various ways tried to annoy and discompose their legal brother.

But the Colonel was a most intelligent man, and not without resources. He ceased to speak, took up his brief bag from under the table, opened it, and took out two pistols, which he placed on the table, one on each side of his brief. He then replaced the bag under the table, and said, "Gentlemen, I stand at this table to speak my piece, and I am bound to do it; if any gentleman interrupts me again, I'll shoot him." He proceeded in his speech without any further trouble; for the little voyages which he had often made to Bloody Island were well known. He never missed his man when he really wanted to hit him. There was a French family in St. Louis that had a great dislike to Benton for some old grudge, and were anxious to have him shot. But for some time there were no grown-up men in the family, only ladies, and these had to nurse their revenge and wait. One of the boys was educated with the express view of upholding the honour of the race, and was assiduously taught the use of the pistol. When he was nineteen years of age it was decided by the ladies that he was fit to face the Colonel, and a challenge was sent and accepted. But the hand of the youth proved unsteady; he

fired first and missed. Then Benton said: "Young man, I know how you came here. I don't want to shoot you, and if you will promise to go away from St. Louis, I won't do it." The promise was given, and the Colonel fired his pistol in the air. The young man went away for two years on a trading and hunting expedition to the Rocky Mountains. When he returned the ladies were sure that now at length he would be able to meet their old enemy with happy results, he looked so manly and so brave. Another challenge was sent, and the parties met again on the old ground. The grim, deep-wrinkled face of the old Colonel looked uglier than ever, and there was no gleam of mercy on it now. He said, "Young man, I met you here two years ago, when you were young and innocent, and I let you go, and didn't hurt you. But now I see you are a fool, and I am going to shoot you. You'll be dead in about three minutes." And the young man did not live much longer.

Law was cheap in all its branches, especially Lynch law, for which there was absolutely no scale of fees. Land could be bought and sold as easily as a team of horses, and I never knew the cost of a transfer and registration to exceed

two dollars and a half; and the transaction (exclusive of registration) could be completed in less than ten minutes. And yet the people on the whole were the most honest, truthful, civil, and hospitable whom I have ever known; they were more like members of one family than merely neighbours. Drunkenness was very rare, although whisky was cheap, and a known thief was not allowed to reside in the settlement. If a man was found to have stolen anything belonging to his neighbour, he was visited by a deputation, who informed him that he would have to go to hell or Texas—and he usually went to Texas first. There was a family of horse-thieves named Johnson, an old man and his two sons, living for some time on the prairie; they were absent at irregular intervals, and on their return home were always in possession of a few valuable horses from parts unknown. They never took any horses belonging to their neighbours, so they were not molested. At last the two sons got into trouble down in Tennessee and were hanged. When the old man heard of their death he swore he would have revenge, and started on a pilgrimage for that purpose; but the Tennesseeans hanged him too.

The young ladies used to spend much of their time away from home, living at any house they might fancy for a few days or weeks, sometimes helping in the house-work, and discussing their own or their neighbours' affairs or prospects without the smallest reticence. Their features were good, often beautiful; their manners were easy, and never under any circumstances did they betray the least awkwardness or embarrassment. Whenever they fell in love, they did so in a business-like manner, and betrayed no sickly sentimentality; nor did "concealment like a worm i' the bud feed on their damask cheeks." They attended balls, bees, hoedowns, churches, and camp-meetings, and rode home with the boys. Some of them were keen politicians, and went around at election times canvassing for their candidates. During my residence in Illinois I found it impossible to see any difference between a Whig and a Democrat, so I had no principles, and used to belie them continually, promising my vote to every young lady that asked for it. I met Miss Melnot one day on a canvass. She was tall and fair, *incessu patuit Dea*, a born ruler of men, full of schemes and diplomacy; she would have run

the Government of the United States if she had got the contract. I had often met her at balls and parties, but for some frivolous reason or other I was not on her ticket. She was now travelling in a buggy drawn by a fast-trotting horse, and after shaking hands, she said, "George, I want to know what your politics are. I'm Democrat, and I want you to vote my ticket." I replied at once that I was a strong Democrat, and would vote accordingly. She showed me a printed slip of paper bearing the names of her candidates for the various offices. The fitness of the men for the duties to be performed was never much in question; they were all fit to draw their pay. The constable was a hunchback, the only habitual drunkard about the settlement, and I suppose he was put on the ticket out of charity. Having obtained my promise, Miss Melnot thanked me sweetly, shook hands again, and drove swiftly away. Her ticket was successful, and in a few weeks she gave her hand to one of the elected. The day after she had entered into the holy bonds of matrimony (before the squire), it happened that I was present at a hoedown about twelve miles from the settle-

ment. The late Miss Melnot was there too. I had not expected to see her just then, but I had just sufficient presence of mind left to ask her hand for the first dance, which was a cotillion. She talked incessantly for a while as the dance proceeded, but at last seemed to recollect something, and said, "By the way, George, I reckon you don't know my husband." I replied that I had not yet had that pleasure. "Well," she said, "there he is," pointing across the floor to a tall and handsome young man in the same set. "Mr. Helm, my husband —Mr. George." The bridegroom bowed and smiled, and I bowed and smiled, and the dance went on.

As there is nothing perfect in this world, it is not surprising that some troubles existed in this Arcadia. There was, for instance, an unfriendly feeling between the Wilsons and the Winklers. The first intimation I had of this unpleasant state of things was on a summer's afternoon, when two young ladies rode up to our place, one of whom was Miss Wilson. They did not dismount, as they said they were travelling further. After some talk on in different subjects, Miss Wilson said, "Do

you know old Winkler's got the cholera? I heard it as I came past his place. He has been eating some fish, and it disagreed with him, and I hope he may die." I looked at her again. She was about sixteen years of age, as fair a vision as ever graced this earth, and I was surprised to hear a being so angelic uttering so ferocious a sentiment. But she was quite in earnest. The longing of her young life was, that not only old Winkler, but the whole generation of Winklers, young and old, including her stepmother, might die off rapidly. Some time after her father, Judge Wilson, became a widower, he began incautiously to visit his neighbour, old Winkler, and paid some friendly attentions to his eldest daughter. After a while his visits ceased, and Miss Winkler was of opinion that her charms had been slighted. Her brother, Samuel Washington, took up the quarrel, followed the judge to St. Louis, to which city he had temporarily retired, requested a private interview, which did not last many minutes, and from which his honour came forth virtually a prisoner. Samuel W. conducted him back to Illinois, persuaded him to marry Miss Winkler forthwith, and then

left him in the custody of his bride. Samuel W.'s conscience no doubt told him that he had nobly performed an unpleasant duty; but the two families were never satisfied about it, and were daily longing for each other's blood. Old Winkler died in that attack of cholera.

The Murder at the Cross Roads.

Two men, Thomas Cooper and John Netley, were hoeing corn in the month of June in a field just bordering on the forest which followed the windings of Prairie de Long creek. The day was hot, and the long green rows almost hid the men and horses so that no passing breeze could reach them. They paused at one end of the field from time to time, and their talk was all on one subject. Netley had a bitter quarrel with his uncle, his father's brother, and this uncle was also his wife's father, a double relationship. The uncle had been strongly averse to the union of his daughter with his nephew, and whenever he took a little whisky he harped on the same theme—some flagitious deed which he knew or imagined had been committed in order to compass the union. Netley had heard lately

of some renewal of the accusation of his uncle, and at every pause which the two men made on the headland, his language and temper grew more excited. Cooper was a man who was universally liked and respected; he was cool and sensible, and did his best to soothe the anger of his companion, excusing the uncle on account of his habit of drinking, and urging the nephew to let the matter pass, and to leave the old man alone. But Netley was not to be appeased. The devil of anger and revenge had got the better of his soul, and at length he said, "I'll go and have it out with him;" and he hitched his horse to the worm-fence. As he climbed over the top rail Cooper once more appealed to him, and said, "John, at any rate, don't hurt the old man; if you do you know you will be sorry for it." Netley dropped down from the fence, strode away, and disappeared among the saplings. His uncle lived in a one-storey frame-house near the cross-roads, a few hundred yards distant. He was alone as fate would have it, his other daughter, who kept house for him, having gone away to visit a neighbour.

About this time Jake Helwig happened to be riding along the track leading towards the cross-

roads, and as he neared the house he heard the voices of men in loud and fierce quarrel. He rode on until he was only a little more distant from them than the breadth of the road. He was partly concealed from them by the young timber in an angle of the ground, but he could distinctly see the two men. He knew them both well, and also their cause of quarrel. He was a tall and strong man, in the prime of life, and if he had only gone forward and spoken, it is probable the tragedy would not have taken place. But the heart of the Dutchman failed him now, as it had done at Buena Vista; for he was one of the few Prairie de Long boys who had run away in battle. So he skulked behind the saplings, and watched and listened. He saw Netley take a piece of wood from the woodpile and strike the old man a heavy blow, which felled him to the ground, with his head near the doorstep of the house. Netley then dropped the piece of wood, and, seizing his uncle by the head, raised it and struck it several times against the doorstep. He had been as good as his word now, he had "had it out" with his enemy, and had sent him, unforgiven and unforgiving, to his last account. The victim lay still except that

his limbs were twitching convulsively. Netley stood looking at him for a short time, and then, glancing hastily around, without observing the horrified Jake, who was watching him so near at hand, climbed the fence, and went back to hoe his corn. Jake all the while sat still on his horse, and then rode away, and for a time said nothing to anyone about what he had witnessed.

When Netley came back to his corn, Cooper said, "I hope, John, you have not done anything to your uncle?" "Ain't I, though," he replied, "I reckon I've paid off the old skunk. I hammered him well; and what do you think? he turned up his eyes at me like a dying calf." Cooper unhitched his horse in silence, and turned him between the rows; Netley did the same, and they went away again ploughing through the long green avenues. Cooper, reflecting on what Netley had said, began to grow uneasy, and when they returned to the fence again, said, "I think, John, we had better go over to your uncle; he might want looking after, as there was nobody about." So they hitched their horses to the fence and went to the cross-roads. There they found that a number of the

neighbours had already arrived. The uncle had been carried into the house and laid on a bed. He was insensible; his eyes were rolling about, and his limbs were jerking convulsively. His two daughters, Netley's wife and her sister, were crying, and the neighbours were wondering what could possibly have happened to the unfortunate man. Soon afterwards Dr. Kemp arrived and examined him professionally. He observed blood on the doorstep, and also blood from a fresh wound on the head. He felt the skull all over, touching it gently with his fingers in every part. He said at last, "That's what is the matter; his skull is broken—comminuted fracture," and turning quite innocently to the murderer, said, "Just put your finger here, John, and you'll feel it; the bone is broken into bits." But John could not put his finger on the broken skull; he understood now what he had done. With eyes that seemed starting out of his head he gazed fixedly on his handiwork, until the stillness of death came over his victim, and the ghastly scene was branded on his brain for life. He and Cooper then left the house, and took their horses home, feeling that they had finished their day's work early.

Soon a rumour went through the settlement that a murder had been committed. Jake told a few of his friends in confidence what he had seen and heard, and they told the story to a few of their particular friends, until every man, woman, and child knew all the real facts of the tragedy, and many more.

There was then living on his farm an old man who had been at the battle of New Orleans, and had helped to whip the British in the year 1812. As long as the oldest settlers could remember he had been like a patriarch among the people, and was still the principal mainstay of law and order. He was always ready to help the needy without regard to creed or country, as long as their conduct was such as not to bring disgrace on the community. But horse-thieves, or hog-thieves, or drunkards he could not abide, especially horse-thieves. In the course of his official life, as we may call it, he had helped to pass judgment and to perform summary execution on many criminals. He never shirked his share of the duty on hand, and whenever anyone was sentenced by the committee to receive a flogging, he always claimed the proud privilege of cutting the pliant hickory stick and of using

it on the back of the culprit; and it was reasonably considered more dangerous to flog a man than to hang him. If a man was merely flogged, and warned not to show his face again on that prairie, he might nevertheless come back some day, review the judgment of the court with his rifle, and have a shot at his executioner; but if he was once properly hanged, he, of course, took no further interest in the matter.

So the committee assembled and discussed the recent event. The old patriarch was of opinion that the man who had done the foul deed should be tried and hanged at once; but the majority were of opinion that it would be better to remit the case to the uncertain arbitration of the court at Waterloo. They accordingly proceeded thither, and had an interview with an eminent lawyer named Ommulvany. This gentleman, after listening to their statement of all the evidence which could be produced against Netley, said that he was aware, from other information, that it could be proved that the uncle left Waterloo on the day before his death in an advanced state of intoxication; that he was seen by several witnesses to fall from his

horse; and although he was able to mount again and ride home, it would be stated that the fracture of his skull occurred on the day he left Waterloo; and no jury in Monroe county would ever convict a fellow citizen on such evidence. The committee decided to proceed no further in the matter.

How the wife and husband lived after this is not recorded; but it may be imagined what was the daily and nightly horror of the wife who knew that her husband was the murderer of her father. And the climax was reached when her husband was seized with epileptic fits, during which, in his rolling eyes, foaming mouth, and stiffened limbs, he seemed the very picture of her father as she had seen him in his last agony. There was no remedy but death for a terror like this, so the poor wife pined away and died.

Before coming to the prairie I had heard the principal incidents above mentioned, but had retained no names in my memory. On the night of my arrival I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was startled by an extraordinary sound. It came from Netley in one of his fits. I have met with many men who were subject to a

similar complaint, but I never met with one who gave forth a sound so full of horror. To my imagination it seemed like the first prolonged moan of a despairing soul just entering on an eternity of woe, and beginning the vain and endless quest for the God he had lost for ever.

Next day I rode over the prairie in company with my new host. He beguiled the way by giving me an account of the principal families belonging to the settlement, and he mentioned incidentally that an uncle, his father's brother, had come out from England a few years before, and had killed himself with drink. In a short time I found that Netley was usually quiet and harmless, but liable to bursts of anger, dangerous both to himself and others. I observed also that to the rest of the family—his mother, sister, and young brother—he was like a skeleton in the house, an object of fear and aversion; and it came to pass quite naturally that I took my place in the house as keeper or guardian of this unpleasant patient, slept in the same room with him, and usually rode with him about the settlement on journeys of business or pleasure when I had leisure to do so. He persisted foolishly in wearing a kerchief round his throat

at night, and in always keeping his shirt collar buttoned; so that whenever that long and dismal moan began, I struck a light as quickly as possible, and loosed his kerchief and collar, that he might not be strangled out of due time. For about twenty minutes he would breathe heavily, biting his tongue, and foaming at the mouth, his eyes being opened and turned upwards, and his limbs stiffened in convulsions. By degrees his breathing became more gentle; but he never recovered consciousness until the following day. For a time my rest at night was somewhat disturbed, but I soon became accustomed to the situation, and could sleep peacefully; for I have always been able to bear the afflictions of others more patiently than I could bear my own. This unlooked-for duty I fulfilled for eighteen months, if not with entire satisfaction to myself, at least without incurring any blame from others. I never before or since held an office in which I felt my position so secure. Nobody wrote memoranda requiring me to explain this, that, or the other under pain of suspension; nobody wanted to supersede me and get my billet; nor to superannuate me; nor to transfer me to some other place and curtail

my allowances. My salary, moreover, could not be reduced, because I had none.

But I was ousted from office in a most unexpected manner by a lady. Miss Netley had great talents both for war and diplomacy. Her afflicted brother, she considered, would never bring either credit, or profit, or pleasure to the family, and she decided that it would be a stroke of good policy to provide him with another wife, and thus save trouble to his relatives for the future. There was a young widow in the neighbourhood who would suit the purpose admirably. She had been married while still very young, but her husband soon left her and joined the volunteers, went to Mexico, and died of fever at Vera Cruz. She seemed to have entirely overcome her grief for his loss, for at this time she was lively and giddy, laughing and chattering incessantly, and was commonly called Katy-did, after the celebrated locust, which through the summer night, hidden in the dark foliage of the trees, sings "Katy-did," and "Katy-didn't." Miss Netley made love to this thoughtless little cricket on behalf of her brother, and invited the fly to visit the spider in his parlour. Her

success was soon assured. I was not taken into the confidence of any of the parties until the day appointed for the nuptials.

The marriage knot was tied, and Katy came as mistress of the house, the rest of the family having departed. All went well for a week or two, and then, in the dead of night, that awful moan rang through the house once more, and Katy then knew for the first time what kind of a match she had made. Next morning when I came downstairs I found her sitting in a chair before the empty fireplace, the very picture of terror and despair. She said when she heard her husband begin that fearful cry she sprang out of bed, and ran out of the room, closing the door behind her. Her hair grew stiff on her head, and she tried to scream, but could not; she could only gasp and sob with fright. She dare not for the world go into the room again until broad daylight, and then she went and dressed herself in a hurry, leaving her husband still unconscious. She concluded by saying, "Oh, what shall I do?" I could not tell her what to do. In these latter days she might have had some remedy, the remedy of a divorce; but she was born and married forty years too

soon. In those days we simply believed that the knot of marriage could only be severed by the hand of death; but now we can have it cut by the court for almost any reason we like to bring, and cheaply too. By way of parrying her question, I asked her if she did not know that her husband had fits before she married him. She acknowledged that she had been told about them, but thought they were of little consequence. "But, oh!" she added, "I am sure I shall die now; I shall never dare to sleep any more!" "Macbeth had murdered sleep."

> "Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Katy did not die at once, but before I left the prairie her once chattering tongue was silent, her light laughter was heard no more, and misery and terror were hastening her into the grave.

Looking from the front door one day I saw a horse galloping over a field, dragging a plough after it, and kicking vigorously. Bob the Yorkshireman, our hired man, had let go his team by some misadventure, and when Netley

and I arrived on the scene we found that the horse was badly lamed, and the plough kicked into bits. Bob was sent on another horse for the patriarch, who was considered the best veterinary surgeon on the prairie, and who gave the use of his skill and knowledge in this respect, as in all his other acts of benevolence, without fee. He would hang or flog a criminal, or cure his neighbour's sick or wounded cattle, and scorn to take any other reward except the testimony of a good conscience. I was present when he arrived. His manners were after the old fashion of the West. He came in without knocking at the door or uttering a single word, sat down, and with an immovable countenance silently looked at everybody and everything in the room, apparently examining every corner and every article of furniture, after the manner of a cat when first brought into a strange house. I used to fancy the pioneers had adopted and imitated the manners of the Indians. Sometimes the rule of "Silence is golden" seemed carried too far. I have known a stranger saunter slowly up to the open door, lean one shoulder against the door-post, deliberately scan, for five or ten minutes, everything and everybody

within view, and then walk slowly away without opening his mouth; and yet nobody seemed to think that he had done anything unmannerly or strange. In conversation, however, the settlers followed certain rules not always observed in other lands. Both young and old spoke distinctly and deliberately, and a speaker was not impertinently interrupted. Even the ladies and children had learned the difficult art of listening and keeping silence.

The patriarch was evidently in the enjoyment of a green old age, still strong and vigorous. His character was written deeply in the lines of his countenance; he was kindly, courageous, and just. He was not the kind of man who would nurse a useless grudge against a fellow citizen, and it was evident, by his arriving so soon after receiving the message sent by Bob, that he had quite forgiven Netley for having disappointed him some years before. When this good old man drew near his end there was no need for any minister of the gospel to remind him that he must forgive his enemies, as he would leave none behind him, having already pardoned or hanged them all.

We went out and examined the horse, which

we found had been so much injured that it would be impossible to cure him; he could only use three legs during the rest of his life, so his life was cut short. Netley asked me to take him away into the forest and shoot him, as he did not like to do so himself, having a great aversion to kill any animal whatever. I doubt whether he would have attempted to kill even a rattlesnake.

A few days afterwards I observed the vultures—our local Board of Health—wheeling round at an immense height in the air, drawing circles on the blue sky, and then gradually descending to the tree-tops and disappearing among the timber. They had scented their food from afar.

The valuable animal that has built up a city containing over half a million of inhabitants deserves some little notice. The first name of the city, Chicago, has an evil odour, for it means skunk, an animal above all others to be avoided. Porkopolis, the other name, even with a flavour of Greek, is neither sweet nor poetical. Every farmer had a brand for his hogs, but not an ear-mark, as it was found by experience that the dogs would tear away both the ear-mark and

the ear before the animals arrived at years of discretion, and were fit to be turned into the fattening pen.

The hogs in Illinois were cannibals; for when food was scarce in the forest, and corn was not distributed plentifully over the farm-yard fence, they began to feed on one another, just as men do under similar circumstances, and as sharks will do at any time, for sharks are always hungry. If the season had yielded only a scanty harvest of acorns and nuts, and if, as sometimes happened, the crop of corn was mostly nubbins, the hogs were afflicted with famine. They by degrees grew thinner and thinner, until they began to drop down to the ground through weakness. As soon as one fell, the rest of the family still able to move about crowded around their prostrate brother, and put their forefeet on him, to prevent him from rising again. All the while the dying hog and his murdering relatives kept up a peculiar sound, which, when translated into English, meant "More pork." Whenever the farmer heard that sound, he did not wait to look in the dictionary for the translation, but rushed out with a cudgel to belabour the cannibals, and, if

not too late, to save the life of the condemned animal.

About three o'clock in the afternoon in winter, when one of those keen winds which would freeze the marrow in your bones began to blow, the hogs commenced to prepare their bed for the night. They turned up the snow with their snouts, and gathered mouthfuls of dead leaves, which they carried to one spot until a sufficient quantity was collected to half cover the herd. Then they all crowded together in a heap, and fought one another for the greatest share of the blanket. All the while each hog kept up a continual squealing, which could be heard at a long distance. That squealing was a sure prognostic of a dangerous night, and a warning to men and beasts to prepare for the bitter blast which was sure to follow.

On such an evening I once started on old Jack, the best trotting horse on the prairie, to go to the post office on the hill, the hill being perhaps twenty feet above the level of the surrounding country. I was clothed and muffled in furs and flannels, but I had not ridden more than two hundred yards before my feet and hands had lost all feeling. I had half

a mind to turn back, but the other half was so frozen as to be useless, and Jack went on. At a spot where the timber was young, and near the edge of the open prairie, a wagon with a team of two horses blocked the road. The driver was sitting bolt upright, the horses were stamping their hoofs restlessly in the snow without moving onward, and a little dog was running round the wagon, looking up to the driver and barking incessantly. I tried to ride up to the wagon, but Jack would neither go near it nor pass it; he jumped about, and backed and snorted, but forward he would not go. I called out to the man repeatedly, but he never replied nor stirred. At last I turned about and took Jack away to some distance, dismounted, and hitched him to a sapling. I then returned to the wagon, and, seizing the driver by the collar, shook him and tried to wake him; but all to no purpose. The reins had dropped from his hands, and the sleep that ends in death had come over him. There were two corpses behind the driver's seat, the corpses of two hogs, scraped and white; Jack had seen or scented these unclean animals, and had refused to go near them. I got into the wagon, put one arm round the man to

keep him from falling backwards on the hogs, took up the lines, gave them a slight jerk, and the team at once went away at a good speed. I pulled up at the first house near the road, and halloed until the door was opened, and I could see a huge fire of logs blazing within. Half a dozen men came out, and as soon as they understood what was the matter they carried the frozen man into the house, and laid him on the floor before the fire to thaw. He was identified as Samuel Washington Winkler, a returned Mexican warrior, the man who had followed Judge Wilson to St. Louis, brought him back to the prairie, and persuaded him to marry the eldest Miss Winkler. He appeared to be stone dead, but I heard afterwards that the thaw was successful. It is sometimes hard to please everybody even with the best intentions. I got no thanks from anyone, not even from Samuel W. W. And as for the Wilsons, they reckoned it was no business of mine to fetch him along to the fire; I ought to have left him to freeze.

On another bitterly cold night William Threlfall started to go home on foot from the house of his nearest neighbour. Next morning

his wife (or widow) sent over a man to inquire about him. All the men for miles around came and tried to find him. They could discover no tracks; for on these nights of intense cold the snow is as fine as flour, and the moaning wind blows it onwards like dust; every hollow is filled up, and every imprint made by the feet of man or beast is quickly obliterated. The search was continued for days far and near in every direction, but without success. When the ice and snow had all melted, and the time for ploughing came, the widow's hired man went out one morning to commence his work. Before his team completed the first furrow he saw something on the ground a little distance ahead which made him stop. He went forward to look at it. It was the body of Threlfall, who had climbed over his own fence to make a short cut to his house, and had fallen asleep for ever within three hundred yards of his own fireside. He was not much changed, having lain like a mass of ice covered with snow for six weeks.

The religion of the settlement was mixed, but there was no ill-feeling manifested on the subject. The boys on Sunday used to ride

over to any place at which a religious service was held. When I took round the collection plate some of the unregenerate put into it bogus money or buttons, until I found a means of stopping that humorous custom; this I did by holding the plate before the culprit and gazing into it; the people round began to gaze into it too. It did not take more than two minutes to make the most hardened sinner cave in, and contribute a genuine dime or picayune. I then passed on, and he never did it again. But many did not go inside the church at all, never got grace of any kind, but sat on the top rail of a fence until the devotions were finished, and then went home with the girls. Once every year a camp meeting was held, at which powerful preachers held forth day and night. A large crowd attended, but few of the boys ever got religion; they did not go for it; they went for fun and mischief. Sometimes a few men or women were seized with fits, and began to shout, scream, and laugh. They were then said to have found the Lord, and got religion. Afterwards they were exhorted not to dance nor read novels, only tracts and the Bible; but sooner or later they mostly fell from

grace. Getting religion was looked upon as a kind of temporary insanity, for which the patient was in no way to blame, but was to be treated with kindness and patience until the complaint abated.

There was a meeting house on the edge of the prairie, a frame building, the minister of which owned a saw-mill, at which he worked all the week, and preached on Sundays. He was very industrious. The German Catholics had a church about eight miles distant, and a German priest. His flock were apparently fresh from the Fatherland, as few of them spoke English. The men wore long blue coats puckered at the shoulders; the ladies were broad-backed and strong, wore gowns of cotton print with a great girth at the waist, and helped in the out-door work of the farms. These people were very industrious, sober, orderly, and thrifty, the best of colonists, and often prospered where men more enterprising but less steady failed.

The first settlers were all Catholics from Lancashire, the most Catholic county in England. They had built a most commodious church of freestone, which was now somewhat

out of repair, and snakes dwelt in the crevices of the walls. A priest visited this church once a month. He distributed his services over a wide extent of territory, principally among his fellow countrymen, the Irish. At one time there had been a French priest in the district, who was still spoken of by the old people as a saintly and zealous man. One or two of the Irish priests who succeeded him did not give equal edification. They were what are called "wandering priests," occasionally found both in the States and Colonies, having left their original dioceses in Ireland for some unspecified reason. Father Mac was tall and strong, he had a red face, thick neck, and a loud voice. His conduct and demeanour were not suited to his calling. In every house at which he called he soon found out where the whisky was kept, and helped himself to the liquor without leave. On the occasion of a marriage he spent most of the night in festivity, drinking, singing, and dancing with his flock. His conduct became the common talk, and the crisis was reached when he was seen riding into Waterloo one day in a manner that attracted public attention. A formal complaint was written and despatched to

Bishop Van de Velde at Chicago, and after a while he came down to the prairie. In the meantime it became known far and wide who took part with, and who against, the priest. His fellow countrymen, with a few exceptions, favoured him, while the English and native Americans took part against him. When the bishop arrived it was made known that he would say mass at the English church on the following Sunday, and afterwards give audience to any persons that might wish to speak with him at Mr. N.'s. After mass, while he was at breakfast in a room set apart for his own use, there was a numerous gathering of Irishmen outside. It happened that Mr. Stokes, an Irishman, who was known not to favour the priest, sat inside the house on a chair near the front door. Father Mac entered the house, opened a cupboard, and having found a supply of whisky and a glass, began to serve out the liquor to his fellow countrymen. The first man who came in observed Mr. Stokes, and pointing at him with his forefinger solemnly exclaimed, "It's a dirty bird that dirties its own nest;" and then he drank off his jigger of whisky. The rest of the Irishmen followed in

procession, repeating the same toast, until they nearly filled the house and verandahs. There were only two of the English party in the house besides the members of the family, which consisted of the mother, one daughter, and two sons, one of whom was sick, and the other was only a boy. But the daughter, Miss N., was equal to the occasion. She knew that the priest carried a revolver, saw that all the Irishmen had sticks or heavy whips, and believed that, when excited with whisky and zeal for religion, they would kill old Stokes before they departed, if something was not done to prevent them. She was, moreover, in a state of boundless indignation at seeing her house invaded and taken possession of by such a crowd. So she called aside her younger brother and said, "Take a horse and ride round to the neighbours as fast as you can, and tell the boys to come over at once; tell them the Irish are crowding the house, and are going to kill old Stokes." The boy went. Miss N. was a first-rate shot, both with rifle and smooth-bore. She never chased a fowl when she wanted one for dinner, but took a rifle to the fowl-yard, selected her bird, and took off its

head with a bullet. There were in the house three rifles and two double-barrelled shot-guns; these weapons she loaded and placed ready for use under the stairs without attracting the notice of her unwelcome guests. She now felt confident that in case of necessity she could rout the enemy, both clergy and laity.

During this time the interview with the bishop was proceeding in the room, the door of which was closed. The priest and his accusers were all armed; they were talking loudly, while the bishop spoke soothingly, and endeavoured to keep the peace. It seemed not unlikely that they would be killing one another in his presence, and he became anxious to get away quietly.

The summons sent by Miss N. to the boys was promptly obeyed. In twos and threes they began to arrive, galloping up to the fence, and hitching up their horses. They elbowed their way without ceremony through the Irishmen, shook hands with Miss N. and old Stokes, said they heard "there was to be a rabbit hunt round here somewheres," and they would like to join in the sport. As more and more arrived, the Irishmen began to be aware that the

weather was threatening to be stormy, and that they had better go home. One by one they sauntered towards the fence, mounted their horses, and rode slowly away, until not a single Irishman remained, except old Stokes. The bishop at length came out of the room and intimated that he wished to depart. When Father Mac observed the change that had taken place in the crowd, he behaved with discretion. His friends had all vanished, and he decided that it would be advisable to vanish after them. He was never seen again on Prairie de Long.

At the time of the Mexican war, Illinois furnished more volunteers than any other State in the Union, and the English settlement sent its quota. When the war was over, and the first and second Illinois regiments were disbanded, those of the boys who were alive and able to travel began to arrive at the Prairie; but about half of them never came back: their bones were left in Mexico. The mother of one of the boys who was killed became insane when she heard the news. She was quite harmless, and used to wander from house to house talking to everybody about her son, saying she had just heard from him, and he would be home again

in a day or two. It was very pitiful to listen to her.

The first of the returning volunteers who appeared at Belleville was Ike Goby; and, as soon as his presence became known, there was a gathering of citizens ready to welcome one of the heroes of Buena Vista, and to hear his account of the war. It was proposed that Ike should take the stump and relate his experience. Ike was not bashful, nor of a retiring disposition, except on one occasion which he mentioned presently, and after he had partaken of a little refreshment, he was placed on an elevated stand and commenced.

"When the boys mustered at Prairie de Long and were going to start for St. Louis, we called on old man Dickenson, to bid him good-bye. We were all in great spirits, shook hands with him, and gave three cheers. The old man said he was pleased to see us so cheerful, and hoped we should all come back victorious, and that he would live to welcome us. But he said we must not reckon we were going a-gipsying, or to a camp-meeting, and we should have to fight the Mexicans. But anyhow he knew we should fight well, and be a credit to the old prairie. The old man was mostly right. We had hard

times, marching for hundreds of miles before we came to Bony Visty; and the food was mean and scanty at that. First, it was midsummer and very hot. Then it rained like the Deluge, and there was nothing but mud. We had the mumps, measles, and dysentery, and many men dropped out of the ranks. On the morning of the battle of Bony Visty, we were drawn up on a plain. The second Indiana regiment went forward two or three hundred yards with three pieces of artillery; but the Mexicans were too many for them. After about twenty-five minutes the Indiana boys made back tracks and dispersed, and could not be got together again. Then the Mexicans began firing at our regiment, and things began to be very unpleasant. We fired back as quick as we could, and our artillery ploughed lanes through them, but still they came on, and almost surrounded us, firing at us on our front, flank, and left rear. Colonel Bissel ordered us to 'cease fire, face to the rear, battalion about face, forward, march!' Now, fellow citizens, you have all heard of the great orator Demosthenes, the best speaker ever known outside this Great Republic. He used to orate to the Athenians, inspiriting them to

fight King Philip and his Macedonians, with a voice like thunder. They voted for war, and Demosthenes joined the volunteers. But when he got into his first battle, his Bony Visty, as we may call it, and the bullets began to come pretty thick, he found that he had mistaken his vocation. A man may be great on the stump, and only small potatoes on the battle-field. Demosthenes ran away, and I followed his great example. Running away is a complaint that can only be found out by experience. When we got the last order — forward, march—I obeyed it pretty quick, and so did Jake Helwig, Bill Stebbins, Joe Coppel, and Dan Cook. They'll all be along by-and-bye ; they saved their lives. When Captain Morrison saw us going, he shouted after us—'For God's sake, boys, don't run, and for the honour of the Prairie, come back to the ranks!' But somehow we couldn't. I looked round and saw the Mexicans sticking little Bradley with their bayonets. He had his leg broken by a bullet before we faced about, and he could not come with us. I could see him on his knees prodding at the Mexicans with his bayonet until they killed him ; he was game to the last, and there was not a better

man in the army than little Bradley. I and those other boys got away safe. The regiment turned about and fired for awhile, but they had to retreat again. It appeared to me when night came on that we had lost the battle—at any rate, I was quite sure that some of us had lost it; but next morning we found that Santa Anna had gone off with his army, and we had after all gained a glorious victory."

This speech nearly caused more trouble. Jake Helwig was from Dutch Hollow, and when he was plodding homeward from the wars, little dreaming that his flight in battle had already been publicly announced from the stump, he saw at some distance an old neighbour and fellow countryman, Carl Schlesinger, at work on his potato-patch. He called out, "Good-day, Carl; I hope you are well." Schlesinger looked up from his work, and when he saw who it was that had addressed him, he replied, "Oh, is dot you, Jake? Go avay, I don't vant to speak mit you; you are a cowart, you run avay at Bony Visty." Somehow, Jake had not expected a welcome like this; his feelings were hurt, and he emptied out on the old man all his available stock of bad language, both English

and Dutch. Next day he met Ike, and they held a council of war, at which it was decided to challenge Schlesinger to mortal combat, Ike kindly offering to act as second. The challenge was accepted—old Schlesinger, to make matters worse, proclaiming his readiness to fight to the death Jake, Ike, or any other coward that had run away at Bony Visty. The duel was to take place on Bloody Island, in the Mississippi, the historic duelling ground of Illinois and Missouri, the weapons to be rifles. The preliminaries having been settled, the two principals and their seconds started for the battle-field, all riding in Schlesinger's waggon, which, from considerations of economy, he had kindly offered for the accommodation of the whole party; and, as he said, it would be very convenient to bring back Jake's corpse, as he intended both to shoot him and to give him a decent funeral. They travelled in gloomy silence, and arriving at Belleville about midday, alighted for the purpose of procuring refreshment for man and beast. A thirst for beer was now added to their thirst for blood. They grew quite hilarious, and sang—

"Oh, that a Dutchman's draught could be,
As deep as the roaring Zuyder Zee,"

and about beer and wine and Vaterland, and the river Rhine, until late at night, and went to sleep forgetful of the high mission on which they were bound. The beer spoiled the duel. Next morning they all felt low-spirited, and Schlesinger said to Ike, "I dinks ve vas besser go back." Ike made no objection, nor did the other two, so when they started the team faced homewards. Ike left the prairie for California, and we heard of him no more. Jake led a lonely life. He was a blue-eyed, tow-headed young man, tall and strong, but he grew unsociable, avoided the company of the boys as much as much as possible, and spent most of his time going about the forest carrying a rifle.

When a man has once broken the ties that bind him to his native country, it is a long time before he feels satisfied that he has found the real land of promise for which he commenced his travels. It seems to him that there must be another and a better land still farther away, and a longing to seek it fills his mind. That longing came over me, and has never left me; I am still looking for a better land. One hot afternoon in August, I came home feeling cold

and inclined to shiver, so I sat down close by the stove and tried to warm myself, but the fire seemed to have no effect. Miss N. watched me awhile, and then said: "I reckon, George, you're going to have the shakes. You had better look wild. If I were you, I'd go down at once to Dr. Kemp." So I looked wild, and went to Dr. Kemp, and was better next day. But there was sickness in every family on the prairie, and fever and ague prevailed all over the State. For some time my impression had been that Mexico was the country that would suit me best, and I studied Spanish assiduously, in order that I might qualify myself to speak the language of my future paradise. But in the end I changed my mind, and drifted to the other side of the world.

Many years after I had left the States, and had achieved the proud distinction of having my name printed in the Government Gazette, I received a letter from an old friend named Biggs. I had done him some little kindness, when he first arrived at the Prairie, which he gratefully remembered when he saw my name and address (on the Jingo); and conjecturing that I should like to hear something about the

subsequent history of my prairie friends, he wrote to me as follows :—

"Bourbonnais' Grove, 1st Nov., 188–.

"DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,—

"I reckon you have almost forgotten me, but seeing your name in the 'Chicago Annual,' I thought I would write and see if you were left; for it is a truth which those that deny the existence of God's word must acknowledge, that one generation goeth and another cometh. I have never been to Prairie de Long since I left, but now and again I hear of some of the old residenters. They are all either dead or have departed to other locations, and their farms have been bought mostly by Dutchmen. I suppose you have heard of Mr. Netley dropping down dead in one of his fits at Waterloo, talking to old Clarke who kept the boarding-house. Clarke was lame, you may remember, had a few words with Dr. Simpson many years before, and the doctor stuck him in the leg with a bowie-knife. They were always good friends after that, because the Doctor attended him and cured his leg as well as he could, and didn't charge him anything. But Clarke was always lame after that, and had to use a stick, and

once thrashed Bill Robinson with it, because he came into the house when he wasn't wanted; said he didn't come to see old Clarke, but his darter, and told him to send in the gal; so Clarke got mad and thrashed him with his stick. Miss Netley married two husbands and buried them both. Miss Helm, that was Miss Melnot, is now a grass widow. Mr. Helm went to Nevada. The Lord delivered you from the net of the fowler (Psalm xc. ver. 2). Mr. Stokes burst a blood-vessel at Belleville; only lived a short time; his remains were taken to Prairie de Long for interment. His son got elected to the legislature, and his daughters Sophier and Marier were married, and live at the Hundred Mile Prairie.

"I feel thankful to be able to ply my needle yet with a steady hand. I shall be 63 if I live till the 22nd of this month. Health indeed is a great blessing, for we hear of so many ailing, and great disasters happening, that it calls for constant thankfulness from the preserved (Psalm cvi. ver. 12). Captain Morrison, who was with the boys at Bony Visty, is now General Morrison. You may recollect that he was a very idle man, did no work but play the

violin for thirteen years after the Mexican war was over, until he joined the North in 1860, and was made a general. He was fit for nothing but fiddling and fighting. He lost one leg in the war, so he can play still, which is a pity for his immortal soul.

"Your address the Jingo calls to mind Mrs. Jingo's untimely end. I used to make her children's clothes, and also Mr. Jingo's, when he lived near Waterloo. Employment is happiness. I have found it the hardest work—nothing to do. Mrs. Biggs had between three and four hundred pounds left her before I came out, and I thought we might have bettered ourselves in a new country; but she thought otherwise. She was many years my senior. She has been dead many years. The last of my family except me died at Belfast many years since, went from London with her second husband in the pork trade and was very comfortable—stout, as appears by her photo; a few hours' heart affection carried her off. I have never been to Prairie de Long since I left. When I am located in a place I follow Franklin's advice—Mind thy shop and thy shop will mind thee. I was married more than twenty years since to

Miss Duck; her father was a watchmaker in St. Louis. Miss Biggs was milliner at Miss Allbut's, 32nd Street, till her death, then she and Miss Cant came to Chicago, a baker's wife, then to Joliet. We have left Bourbonnais' Grove several times and come back again. I was the first to put up a sign here, and she is the oldest dressmaker, so we keep our footing. Dr. Kemp when at Joliet (I lived at Lockport), attended my little Anna Maria, aged five years and ten months, and John James, aged four years and eight months old, and in waiting on them—diphtheria—I caught it. He had poor hopes of me; the nurse washed a white quilt and hung it out to dry, as she said she would want it to cover me up; but the Lord prolonged my life. The children are buried at Joliet, near Dr. Kemp of melancholy fate. He was an atheist, and died of cholera in a few hours. We have one daughter, Cillylena, left, over twenty, at the dresswork—Cillylena, her mother's name. God, who is rich in mercy, has made me see and feel the truth of Heb. 12 ch., 6th and 11th verses.

"When I paid Dr. Kemp he said, 'Can you spare it?' He knew I was leaving Lockport. I said, 'Take it while it's going, sir.' So I have

proved *over* and *over* the Lord has the hearts of all men in His hand (Tobias iv. ch., 15 verse).

"I remain yours sincerely and respectfully,

"JAMES BIGGS.

"P.S.—I feel thankful to be able to wait on customers yet with a steady hand. I shall be sixty-three if I live till the 22nd of this month. I enclose my photo, with a few lines of reflections thereon:

"The photo is taken, but the pencil of Truth
Can never call back the bright hues of youth;
Time, Time, it will alter the looks of the Sage,
But Wisdom still beams on the brow of Old Age.

Who will smile on that face be it ever so true?
My kindred are dead, my first gentle wife too;
Link, link after link has been scattered by Fate,
And I for the stroke must resignedly wait.

Not a stripling is left to perpetuate the name,
No Biggs will gain Honor, nor Riches, nor Fame;
I've sought to preserve it from stain and disgrace,
But I am the last, the last of my race.

Yet Hope, smiling Hope, tunes her sweet lyre again,
And tells me of Friendship I should not complain;
It may be that Someone the Relic may save,
And my memory bless when I'm laid in the grave."

THE BUSH.

THE BUSH.

My search for the better land began by way of St. Louis, Chicago, Lake Erie, Boston, Halifax, and Liverpool. In the last city I met an old schoolmate, Bill Selby. He was the survivor of the two brothers who used to kick each other in school, the other brother having been sent to sea and drowned. I had met Bill once before since he left school in Church Street, Preston. He had then just left the House of Correction, having undergone a sentence of six months' and a flogging. He said the food was very poor—skilly and whack. When he was flogged he roared as hard as he could the first five or six strokes, but as he found it was of no use he stopped. His second sentence he had served in Liverpool, and his third sentence in Sydney. He was there when gold was discovered, and

went with the crowd to look for it. He had made his pile in three months, and he showed it to me. It was the first time I had seen gold in its raw state; he said it was worth £500, and he had brought it over to sell in Liverpool, because when he left Sydney he could not get a fair price for it; it was getting dirt cheap, and there was not money enough in the country to buy it. He assured me that any man who would work was sure of a fortune. It was plain now that Australia was the land I wanted; £500 in three months meant £2,000 a year, without reckoning the chance of finding large nuggets worth £5,000 or £10,000 each. I was not avaricious, and £2,000 a year would satisfy me. I elicited all the information about Australia that Bill could impart, and some of it was really surprising, in fact, almost incredible. I read all the latest intelligence in the Press about the gold-diggings, as well as all the publications about Australia that I could find. This reading left an impression on my mind that the country was barren and arid, something like the Great Sahara Desert in Africa, without rivers or forests, growing a scanty herbage suitable for nothing but sheep; that an immense area was required

for the subsistence of a single flock; and that the land was covered with bushes, and was therefore called The Bush, being too sterile and dry to grow anything deserving the name of timber. But reflecting that it would be easy for me, after I had dug out a sufficient amount of gold, to leave the wretched country to its present occupants, the blacks, the convicts, the gaolers, and the emigrants, I resolved to become a gold-digger.

I found a vessel at anchor in the Mersey, having her cargo and passengers on board ready to put to sea next day. She belonged to Gibbs, Bright, and Co., and I went to their office to engage a berth. There were only two in the cabin vacant, both in the same state-room. I engaged one, paid the fare, and, as no one took the other berth, I had the room to myself during the voyage. When I had paid the money the clerk informed me confidentially that he believed my uncle was looking for me—had, in fact, been inquiring after me in the office that morning, and had given a description of my personal appearance; he was very anxious to see me on family matters before my departure. I said it was very kind of him to give the information,

but I assured him my uncle was dead, and even when alive had never shown any anxiety to see me.

Next morning I stood on the poop, looking at the passengers and their friends who crowded the deck, at the river, the docks, the shipping, and the city. While living in Illinois I had grown tired of looking over the flat and monotonous prairies, and longed once more to see the green fields of England, the fells, and the sea. I had now been nine weeks in my native land, and, if I may say it without sin, was disgusted with it. I had never seen the sun, except dimly, through a fog. There had been gales of wind, rain, snow, sleet, slush, and ice, but not one single sunny day. The climate of England had, if possible, become worse than ever, and I was anxious once more to get out of it. I observed six Spaniards standing near me, apparently about to take leave of a fellow countryman, who was a passenger. I went a little nearer to them and listened respectfully. They were shivering and nearly green with cold. They said England was a condemned land, the last land that God made. When the ancient Romans left it, they said just the same. They

pretended they were going to defend the empire against the barbarians, but as a matter of fact it was the climate that drove them away. English history is full of lies, and it is nothing less than a crime to teach it in public schools. The Northmen came over and fought so long for the land simply because their own would not keep them alive. They had not enough to eat. They were long-limbed skeletons, fierce with cold and everlasting hunger. All the talk about Walhalla and the gods Odin, Woden, Friga and the rest is a mere invention of the poets, liars by profession. Those northern sea-wolves for three hundred years prowled around Britain, and all the coasts and islands of Southern Europe, looking for something to eat, and stayed wherever they found it.

Many boats came from the shore, and some of them brought uncles who went about the ship looking for their nephews. Three nephews were found, who returned to Liverpool with their relatives, but they did not seem happy.

We had on board, besides the usual mixture of true Britons, specimens of several nationalities. There was a Spaniard from Santiago, Don Salvador de Rubido. At first his health seemed

so delicate that it did not appear probable he could survive more than a week or two. He was invisible until we were off the coast of Spain and Portugal, and then a warmer sun seemed to give him new life. He could neither speak nor read English, and I agreed to teach him our noble language, provided he would help me to learn his own. The result was that I had always to speak Spanish to him to make myself at all intelligible. He could never learn English. Before the end of our voyage he gave in his verdict, couched in very profane terms. He said English was a barbarous and condemned language, full of confusion, without rules or order. One day he asked me if I knew where Puerto Victoria was; that was the place for which he was bound, and for which he was to be appointed Spanish Consul. He showed me a number of letters of introduction; some in English and some in Spanish, and in the latter language was one to Bishop Salvado, of Puerto Victoria. I went all over the ship inquiring if any one had ever heard of Port Victoria, to no purpose. But one man said he had heard there was a Spanish priest and some Spaniards in Western Australia. I never heard whether the

letter and its bearer arrived at their destination, but I ascertained many years afterwards that there had once been a Port Victoria, a new settlement which had been abandoned, and left without inhabitants. The Benedictine monk Salvado had been ordained bishop of that place while he was in Europe, and when he returned to Australia he found that he was a bishop without a bishopric. But he was in no way disheartened; he has spent a long life in toiling with and teaching the aboriginal inhabitants with a success unknown elsewhere in Australia, and, like an old-time saint, has planted a garden in the wilderness.

There were two ladies in the cabin, one of whom had a fine little boy, who ran about the ship and was everybody's pet. The mother died, and the boy was adopted by the captain. M. Arachne, a gentleman from Paris, fell deeply in love with the other lady. Her name was Miss Morris, and she wore auburn ringlets, and had a most beautiful complexion. When we neared the tropics the two lovers were daily seen sitting in some shady spot on deck, and hour after hour they were murmuring and whispering and smiling in a way that was tire-

some to look at. One night, after we had passed the equator, M. Arachne joined me on deck. His happiness was overflowing; he had that evening made a formal offer of his hand and heart to Miss Morris, and his offer had been accepted. They were to be married as soon as might be convenient after the voyage was completed. I congratulated him on his successful suit, but with some feeling of insincerity and embarrassment.

One morning I had had the misfortune to obtain by accident a momentary view of the young lady before she had commenced her toilet, and I was shocked to observe that her head was nearly as hairless as a billiard ball, and that she had no complexion whatever. About an hour afterwards, while we were at breakfast, she came out of her state-room in all her pristine loveliness, and took her usual seat near her enraptured lover, who, as yet, seemed to have no suspicion that she was not "all his fancy painted her, so lovely, so divine."

In the cabin about this time dissensions arose. The quarrel was about some trifle not worth mentioning; but one night the proprieties of life had been temporarily forgotten, and some blows

had been exchanged. It happened that M. Arachne and I had adopted different views, and when the first row had subsided he requested the favour of a private interview on deck. He said he was extremely sorry to find that there should be any difference of opinion between us; but he hoped that whatever might happen in the course of the war, I would not be induced in any manner to betray the confidence he had reposed in me, in reference to his engagement with Miss Morris. I assured him he might depend on my honour, and on a fair fight. After that we seldom spoke to each other; but some benignant angel watched over him, and in after days I found he had not married Miss Morris.

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How we were Welcomed in Melbourne.

We landed at Cole's wharf the day after the 'Sacramento,' afterwards a penal hulk, went ashore. I saw the female emigrants, who had been passengers by that ship, arrive in Melbourne the same evening. There was a large number of them crowded together on a

lighter, and they remained there for about half an hour before they were allowed to land. In the meantime many of them entered into conversation with the men on the wharf. They dispensed with the formality of introduction, and showed no maidenly coyness or haughty reserve. But at length a gentleman arrived, an immigration officer, as I supposed, who put on a very severe aspect, and addressed the ladies with an air of great authority. He directed them to leave the lighter two at a time, marshalled them in processional order, repressed all indecorous levity of look or language, frowned fiercely at the male spectators, and retreated with his company towards Flinders Street without any apparent loss. The descendants of these ladies may be seen at this day, in great numbers, standing at street corners, and are called "larrikins."

During that week, upwards of seven thousand men, hungering for gold, arrived by sea in Melbourne.

It is difficult to foresee what is going to happen; we are generally wise too late, if ever we grow wise at all, and if I could have obtained a forecast of what my life was going to be during the next twelve months, I would have

accepted an appointment as hodman, at fourteen shillings a day, and would thus have made more money, and with less hardship, than by digging for gold. And my course downward would not have been so rapid. It is by no means difficult for a Christian to become a savage in one generation; but for a savage to become a Christian in the same time is very nearly impossible. I have seen some converted savages, but they seemed merely to have exchanged their savage virtues for Christian villianies.

Before leaving England I had a chance of becoming a merchant or trader. An enterprising boot manufacturer offered to let me have, on credit, any quantity of boots I liked to take, in order that I might sell them in Melbourne; and on receiving further advice from me, he would have sent me more boots, or goods of any kind that I might judge suitable for the Australian market.

But to make money by selling boots appeared to me too slow, not to say contemptible. My resolve was to dig a fortune out of the earth at once, and return with it to England without delay. I did not want to be hampered on my way to wealth with a lot of boots, or with anything else.

I had scarcely landed when I became painfully reminded that I was a fool. A stranger addressed me with the words, "Invoish for sale? Invoish for sale?" I stared at him ignorantly; did not know what he meant. Another man put the same question, "Invoish for sale? Invoish for sale?" and I passed by him. A third man came along, and said, "Invoish for sale? Invoish for sale?" I had a waterproof coat on my left arm, and the last man touched it, and said, "Sell your vaterproof coat?" I turned to a white man standing near and asked him what in thunder these Jew beggars wanted, and he enlightened me; but my knowledge came too late. I could have sold a whole cargo of boots at a profit of cent. per cent. and sent for more. Anything would fetch a price in Melbourne then, and the white man said he was sorry he hadn't invoiced his mother-in-law.

My companion was the Spaniard, Don Salvador de Rubido. He had told me during the voyage that it was intended to make him Spanish Consul at Port Victoria—"Se piensa me hacer consul Espagñol a Puerto Victoria." He might as well have been appointed Governor of the island of Barataria. On inquiry I found

that Port Victoria was a settlement in the north of Australia, which had been abandoned some years before. It was a land in which no man dwelt, and did not therefore require a consul. He had missed his port by several thousands of miles under the impression that Melbourne was Port Victoria. He was very weak and delicate, did not know six words of English, and begged me not to leave him. I offered to take him to the hospital, but he said the doctors would kill him. He had an idea that medical men were in the habit of putting patients in the hospitals to death for the advancement of science, sacrificing a few useless lives for the salvation of many. He said he had once been in the hospital at Santiago. There was at that time nothing the matter with his health; but he went there as to a kind of sanctuary, in order to save his life, being liable to be shot as a rebel. He had taken part in a pronunciamento against the government, and had held the rank of teniente, lieutenant in the rebel army, which was defeated and scattered. A friendly doctor conveyed Don Salvador to the hospital as one of the wounded, although he had not received a scratch in the battle, put splints and bandages on one of his

legs, and attended him daily until he could be safely removed. His sojourn in the hospital had impressed his mind with an extreme aversion to all benevolent institutions of a similar kind, and whenever he had to die he preferred to die outside. I found it useless to argue the matter with him, so I went around the city, and called at many hotels, leaving Don Salvador at street corners to wait for me. But nearly every house was full of lodgers, and to those which were not full he was refused admittance because he looked so sickly. It was the old story; there was no room for him in the inns at Bethlehem.

Towards evening I found, opposite the west end of Flinders Street, a wooden building occupied by a Scotchman and his wife, who were willing to give us shelter for the night for the sum of sixpence each. We were shown a room, dingy and dirty, which had hardwood forms fixed to the walls on three sides; that was the only sleeping accommodation—no beds, no bedding, no furniture of any kind. Poor Salvador was deeply afflicted. He said, "Ah, Jorge, if you knew of what family I am, and now to see me here!" I cheered him as well as I could, and tried to

make him comfortable on a form, by wrapping him in his cloak and covering him with my waterproof coat. The night was chilly, and I was afraid he would not live until morning. I walked to and fro in Flinders Street to keep myself warm. There were some goats on the hill—Batman's Hill—behind the hut, and now and then they came down and rubbed their ribs against the weatherboards, making a disagreeable noise, so I threw stones at them and drove them up the hill. Two policemen wearing capes were patrolling the street, and I talked to them to help to pass away the time. They said thirty men from California had stayed in the hut the night before, and had started for the diggings that morning. The building was used as a house of refuge; it belonged to a Yorkshireman, and the Scotch tenant was receiving a nice income with no expense and little trouble. He was working all day for good wages, and his wife gathered in advance the sixpences from the lodgers.

Next morning Don Salvador was still alive, and we went to an eating-house for breakfast. He could eat but little; he looked around at the rough men at the tables with a kind of feeble

envy, and at length touched me gently on the arm, saying, "Reparo, Jorge, que todos los Ingleses comen muchissimo; tengan muy buen apetito." "I observe, George, that all Englishmen eat very much; they have very good appetites;" a profound observation, and of the deepest meaning, in fact, accounting for the rise and growth of the British Empire, the existence of which it is impossible to imagine if Englishmen had not been favoured with digestive powers of the first order.

After breakfast, I searched out the consul for Spain, and called at his place of business. He asked if Don Salvador was a Roman Catholic, and on being informed that he was, advised us to call on the Catholic bishop.

I was ignorant of the duties appertaining to the consular office, having visited a consulate only once before, on which occasion a minute and offensive list of all my personal peculiarities and defects was given to me, and I was charged ten shillings for it. I soon perceived that this consul took no interest either in Don Salvador or my peculiarities. He was only anxious that I should go away and take them with me, and he did not make any charge for them.

I went and inquired for the Catholic bishop, and was told he had gone to Gippsland.

We next went to the police station in Russell Street. The police in Russell Street represented to me that they were overwhelmed with business, although I saw plenty of them standing around doing nothing; and referred me to the officer in charge in West Melbourne. This officer, I observed, was a man of great stature and weight, but he was not inclined to action, and recommended me to take my patient to the colonial surgeon, kindly furnishing me with his name and address. The colonial surgeon was in a small room taking lunch with another gentleman, and I waited in an adjoining apartment until they had finished their meal. By this time I had repeated my humble petition and remonstrance so often, that I could go through it with great fluency; but the colonial surgeon interrupted me in a most ungentlemanly manner, and began to favour me with a rapid and voluminous statement of his views on things in general. He said the discovery of gold had reduced Australia to a most deplorable condition, in fact, to the very verge of ruin. Society was completely dis-

organised; chaos was come again; pandemonium let loose; servants were becoming masters, and masters servants; the necessaries of life were sold at famine prices; thousands of men could find no shelter except in tents. "You see this house," he said; "if I had not this to live in, I could not get another like it for five hundred pounds a year." (It was a small weatherboard house.) "Hordes of armed vagabonds from every nation under heaven are taking possession of the land, robbing and murdering with impunity." The colonial surgeon was growing personal, so I recalled his wandering mind to the point at issue, and asked him if he really could not recommend anything better than to leave a sick and homeless stranger to die in the street; and he said he did not know what to advise. So I abruptly closed the interview and departed.

I walked with Don Salvador down Lonsdale Street, until we came to St. Francis Church, at that time enclosed with an old two-rail fence. I proposed to him that we should call on the clergy, and see if they would do anything to help us. One of the seven temporal works of mercy which they teach their flocks to practise

is, to harbour the harbourless. Shelter was just what we wanted, and it was a very proper time for them to put their precepts in practice, if they were inclined to do so. But the Spaniard strongly objected; he did not wish me to speak to the priests in his behalf; he said they were "muy politicos." I asked him what on earth they could gain by being "muy politicos" either with him or me. I was full of astonishment at his foolishness, and broke the Spanish language all to pieces in trying to express it. I said the priests could not take his money, for I had the whole of it in my pocket, and I would also take care that they did not get any of mine. They could not hurt him either in body or soul, and if they helped to save one or both, I would take care that their reward should not be in cash, and I would "confound their politics" if they had any.

The fact was, that Don Salvador was at one time all confidence and at another time all suspicion; he was born that way, and could not help it. When his grandmother gave him a tart in the days of his innocent youth, he would, while eating it, ponder deeply on the mean and Machiavellian motives which induced the old lady to give it to him.

In his native country he had been living amongst "treasons, stratagems, and wiles;" he and his friends were always on the look-out for political news, and, like the Irishman just landed in New York, when asked for his vote, were always "agen the Government," whatever it was.

I left the Spaniard standing near the two-rail fence, as he declined to accompany me, knocked at the door of the presbytery, and asked the ancient servant who opened it, if any one of the priests was at home. She said Father Fitzpatrick was inside; so I said Father Fitzpatrick was the very one I wanted, and requested her to say so. The priest came out on to the verandah. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age; his complexion was pale, his hair black, and he had a mild and gentle expression of countenance. He listened to me with patience and in silence, looking from time to time at the Spaniard in the street, and then scanning my ingenuous countenance with a kind of meek inquisitiveness, as if to satisfy himself that I was not some new kind of impostor. He did not ask a single question, nor make any observation. He merely requested me to wait a minute or two, and, re-entering the presbytery, returned with a note addressed to a Mr. Shanley,

a bookseller in Elizabeth Street. He came with me a short distance, and pointed out the situation of the shop.

We found Mr. Shanley at home, and I presented to him the note, repeating once more my statement of the unfortunate position to which ill-health, ignorance of the English language, and of Australian geography and history, had reduced the Don. The Irishman's sympathies were quickly awakened. He shook Don Salvador warmly by the hand, said he considered Irishmen and Spaniards as brothers, bound together by the ties of race and religion, and that he would receive the stranger into his house, and help him to the utmost of his power, thus translating "Dark Rosaleen" into plain and practical prose.

"Oh! my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep:
There's wine from the Royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health and help and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!"

There seems to be a slight flavour of treason and rebellion in these lines, but it may be merely a suspicion: the British Empire is safe.

A faint smile stole over the woeful countenance of Don Salvador, as he turned to me with the question he had so often repeated that day: "Que dice, Jorge?" "What does he say?"

Next day I bade him adieu. Mr. Shanley had found some one who spoke Spanish, and would act as interpreter; and, as I was now at liberty to proceed to the diggings and make my fortune as soon as possible, I started at once, on the principle that, if when "'tis done, 'twere well done, 'twere well it were done quickly." But it was done neither well, nor quickly, nor at all.

The next night my lodging was on the cold ground, under an old gum-tree, near the Mount Alexander Road. It is foolish to do anything, even to make your fortune, in a hurry. The process often goes on very, very leisurely. In my case it has gone on for thirty-seven years, and is still incomplete.

Off to the Diggings.

In order to travel lightly I had placed my luggage in a warehouse in Little Flinders Street, paying one year's rent in advance. I afterwards found that the warehouse was cleared out by auction sale, every trunk or chest being sold to the highest bidder. All my worldly goods were thus lost for ever, and a little colonial experience was left in their stead. I decided to go to the Turon. One day I called at a hut not far from the track. The hutkeeper treated me with the usual bush hospitality, giving me hot tea, cold boiled beef, and damper. I told him that I had lately arrived in the colony, and was on my way to the diggings on the Turon. He asked me if I had not got a mate, said I could do no good without one; that two men, sometimes four or six were required to work a claim, and at length offered to accompany me. He said I should find him very useful, as he had been several years in the bush and knew it well. He could make up his swag in a few minutes. His master lived some miles away at the head station, did not owe him much for wages, and as for going away without

notice, he would "chance it." The shepherd could "cook his grub" himself when he came home in the evening; that wouldn't hurt him much. I consented to take him as a mate. He did not tell me, nor did I suspect at the time, that he was a convict, or that the government might still be anxious to claim his services. He was not a handsome man, but appeared strong enough to work, and I felt sure that I could thrash him, or otherwise dispose of him, if I found him dishonest or disagreeable. He was of medium height and build, his face was broad and flat, of a brick-red colour, and deeply pitted with small-pox. He never laughed nor smiled, and was usually silent, or spoke little, except when we met with any strangers; and then he displayed a talent for lying which seemed to me almost miraculous, and was no doubt the result of early training and of long practice. He could, at a moment's notice, invent an imaginary account of persons, places, and incidents, giving details and particulars with a candour and honest simplicity that won belief. And the strangers usually repaid his kindness by giving him all the information he required, exchanging their sterling gold for his

base brass. It soon became clear to me that the information he was most anxious to obtain had reference to the police, and when he heard of any being about, he wanted to make a deviation to the right or left into the bush; the reason he gave for this and for his various fictions being, that it was "always best to keep coves in the dark." For the present I overlooked all his little peculiarities, in consideration of his merits as a bushman. When we arrived at the Turon, he chose a site for our camp in a clear spot where no tree could fall on us if decayed by age, or blown down by the wind, and where our tent would not be flooded with water flowing from higher ground during heavy rain. He cut down saplings, and with them and an old packing-case made two bunks and a table. Our cooking had to be done at a fire outside the tent. He showed me how to knead flour and water on a sheet of bark, to make a damper, and to bake it in hot ashes; and, above all, how to ascertain if it was well baked, by sticking a knife into it. When the damper was sufficiently baked the knife would come out clean, without any dough adhering to it. Our meals consisted of damper, beef, and tea. Vegetables and milk

were scarce luxuries, too dear for our limited means, and we had to do without them.

Being anxious to make our pile as soon as possible, we marked off a claim and commenced digging. The work was hard, but the hope of success made us for awhile endure it cheerfully. And we were daily making discoveries and gaining information. The first discovery of any importance was, that even on a gold-field there was an enormous amount of Australian soil without a particle of gold in it. The next discovery was that when gold was found there was not much of it. Here, as elsewhere in this world, the smiles of fortune fell only on a favoured few. Our success fell far short of the expectations which I had formed on hearing Selby's account and inspecting his gold. It began to seem improbable that I should accumulate a fortune at the rate of five hundred pounds in three months, two thousand pounds in twelve months, and so on, until the cravings of avarice should be satisfied.

Tom Farmer—that was the name of my mate—found some old friends working at a claim not far from ours. The names by which they were then known were Black Sam, Snaky Bill,

Jacky Poppy, and Lanky Dick; though they were probably designated by other names in the indents. You would hardly expect men bearing such names to be good Christians. They were quite confidential with Tom, having known him in the days when their liberty was restricted, and his inventive genius at once supplied them with a history of my antecedents, which seemed quite satisfactory. I had now an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the ideas, language, habits, and hopes of my new friends. They were not more fond of hard work than I was. They were in one respect gentlemen, as they preferred to live by the labour of others, rather than by their own; the mistake they made was in endeavouring to attain their object by direct means, viz., by theft or robbery. Their language was slang, interspersed with oaths and unimaginable blasphemies. No hope or intention of ever living a life of honesty and decency seemed ever to cross their minds. The only heaven they aspired to was some Castle of Indolence in which they could revel in abundance of earthly delights, untroubled by law, or labour, or government.

The store in which we sold our gold, when we had any to sell, and purchased our groceries, attracted the attention of these men, and, having examined it from a professional point of view, they had come to the conclusion that the enterprise of robbing it would yield handsome returns. It was built of slabs and roofed with paling. They communicated their intention to Tom Farmer, and on the evening before that fixed for the attempt, Tom's mind was so full of the coming event, although he did not appear to expect any share in the plunder, that he could not refrain from imparting his knowledge to me. I listened to his account of the scheme and felt interested in it. He took it for granted that my sympathies were entirely on the side of his friends. I was well acquainted with the storekeeper, and had no wish that he should be robbed and murdered. That night I lay for some time awake in my bunk, revolving in my mind the best means of baffling the burglars. It would have been easy to procure the services of a few policemen from the camp, who would have watched the store, and might have arrested some of the four men; but if any of them escaped Tom's life would be endangered,

as then his friends would be sure that he had given information against them. It would also be prudent to act in such a manner that Tom would not suspect me of any interference.

The next day passed as usual, Tom and myself working diligently in our claim, and our neighbours doing the same in theirs, until sunset. After tea I told Tom that I did not feel very well, and that I was going over to Con Cassidy's tent to get a bottle of brandy. Con's tent was at a considerable distance from the store, and in a contrary direction. He had no licence to sell spirits, but in consideration of a pound would find a bottle of brandy for any of his friends, and also for a stranger after a proper introduction. The police had their eye on Con, but found him a subject difficult to convict. They could never find any grog in his tent; he kept it in some place at a distance, and brought in a bottle only when it was required. One day a member of the force elaborately disguised as a digger, succeeded in purchasing a bottle of brandy from Con, and paid him a pound for it. It appeared certain that Con was caught at last. The policeman hurried away to the police magistrate, produced

the bottle, and said he wanted a summons against Cornelius Cassidy for sly-grog selling. Before issuing the summons, the magistrate, as a matter of prudence and evidence, suggested that it would be well to sample the contents of the bottle. He therefore produced a corkscrew, drew the cork, and took a drink. The effect of the liquor was as sudden as unexpected. To the astonishment and dismay of the policeman, the justice jumped up, and spat, and spluttered, and stamped, and swore, forgetful of the Police Offences Statute; he called the liquor ——, a name that cannot be expressed in prose, nor can I all at once recollect a poetical equivalent for it; it is, in fact, unmentionable. Then the policeman, full of fury and disappointment, hurried back to Con and demanded his pound; but Con smiled and did not pay.

I did not buy any brandy that night. When it was quite dark I went to the store, and, after making myself known to the storekeeper, was allowed to enter. When I told him that his store was to be robbed that night, he was so flurried and anxious to go for the police at once, that I had some difficulty in making him understand and agree to my proposal; but

at last he consented, and after some time retired to his bunk at the further end of the store. The only weapon I required was a pick-handle, and, with this in my hand, I took my seat behind the door in the darkness. The burglars had been in the store frequently, and had observed that the key was always left in the key-hole on the inside of the door during the day, and they felt confident that it would also be left there at night. Their design was therefore to cut a hole in the door above the lock, put a hand inside, and turn the key. When this had been done without disturbing the store-keeper, the rest of their work would be easy. I sat for hours behind the door in silence and nothing happened. From various directions far and near I could hear pistol shots, songs, the music of concertinas, violins, flutes and horns; but by degrees all sounds died away, except the occasional bark of a watch-dog. It began to seem probable that my friends had changed their minds and would not come. I grew sleepy and fell into a doze. A noise, which seemed like that made by a rat gnawing at the door, disturbed me. The men had approached the store in perfect silence. To make sure of the exact position and distance

of the key, I passed my hand along the panels of the door, and then waited. I soon heard that a piece of the door was being removed, and then there was a slight click made by a hand trying to turn the key in the lock. At that instant I made a blow with the pick-handle, and felt that I had hit the mark. There was a smothered cry outside, and some muttered curses, and then I could hear the retreating footsteps of the disappointed burglars. It was not likely that the men would remain long near the store, and after waiting awhile, I returned to my tent without meeting any one. Tom was sleeping peacefully in his bunk, and never afterwards knew that I had been absent the greater part of that night. Next day he informed me that the visit to the store had turned out badly. When Black Sam was feeling for the key in the door, the store-keeper had hit him on the hand, and he had gone to look for a doctor. About two years afterwards I accidentally met Black Sam in Melbourne. Observing that he had lost one hand, I inquired how the misfortune had occurred; he said while he was trying to crack a store up the country, the store-keeper had smashed his hand with a

tomahawk, and the doctors in the hospital had cut it off. I did not tell him that it was not done by the store-keeper, nor with a tomahawk.

After working about three months on the Turon, my hopes of growing rich rapidly began to decay. Tom said little, but he had a spirit of enterprise which impelled him, like the busy bee, to improve each shining hour, and also the hours of darkness. He began to absent himself from the claim a considerable part of the day, and it was often midnight, or later, before he returned to the tent. He did not explain to me the cause of his frequent absence satisfactorily.

A theft of gold from a public-house on the road to Sydney was reported about this time. The gold had disappeared mysteriously from the bar counter in broad daylight, and a saddle had also at the same time been taken from the back of a horse standing outside the house, and no trace of the thief could be discovered. One day I chanced in passing to look down a shallow shaft about fifty yards from our tent, and saw part of a stirrup-iron appearing above some dirt which seemed to have been thrown in after the claim was abandoned. I stepped

down into the hole and pulled at the stirrup-iron; there gradually came forth a good saddle, nearly new, with stirrups, straps, girth and saddle-cloth. It was a surprising yield for a gold-mine; but when my first astonishment had subsided, I recollected the recent theft of gold and a saddle, and began to suspect that my mate was the thief. So I returned to the tent and said, "Tom, you stole that gold in the public-house." I watched his countenance, expecting to see some expression of alarm or agitation. But no. His wooden features remained as wooden as ever. He replied at once, "So help me I know nothing whatever about it. How on earth could you think I done it? Ain't I been a good mate to you? Did you ever miss a pin's-worth of anything since I been with you? Why, I could ha' boned every penny you got scores o' times if I'd wanted to." "That's all right, Tom," I said, "but just come this way." We went to the hole near which I had left the saddle, and I said, "There, Tom, is the saddle you stole, and there's the hole where you buried it; what have you done with the gold?" Tom did not answer me; he looked down into the hole, then at the

saddle; he carefully surveyed the bush all round, picked up the saddle and hurried away with it. After some time he returned to the tent, and said, if I would not peach, he would tell me how he got the gold and the saddle.

"I had gone to the hotel," he said, "for a nobbler, and just to look round a bit, when a team of bullocks from the Turon stopped outside. A boy was riding a horse alongside the team. The driver told the boy to stay with the team, while he himself went into the public-house. There were two men in the bar besides the landlord and myself. After the bullock driver had taken a nobbler, he asked the landlord if he bought gold. The landlord said he did, and mentioned the price. The man then pulled a leather bag out of his pocket and gave it to the landlord, who emptied out the gold on a sheet of paper, and began to blow off the sand and dust. While he was doing this I happened to look out of the bar, and saw the boy at the back part of the premises. I then looked out in front, and saw the horse standing near, and nobody about. The saddle seemed a good one, so I took it off the horse, and threw it among some scrub at the other side of the road, and

then went back to the bar. The landlord had just finished cleaning the gold, and had put it in the scales to weigh it, when the boy came running in, and said a man had stolen the saddle and had gone up the road with it. We all hurried out to catch the thief, but as soon as I got to the door, I turned back to the counter, slipped the gold, loose as it was, into my coat pocket, and then ran with the others so fast, that I was first at the top of the road where the boy said he had seen a man making off with the saddle. What a young liar that boy was, to be sure! He will never come to any good. Of course we could see no man, and could not find the saddle. The bullock driver boxed the boy's ears for having left the team, and then recollected that his gold was left in the bar. The boy was now crying, and I told him it served him right, and he had better mind and do what he was told next time, and not tell such lies. We all went back to the house, but there was no gold in the scales. The bullock driver was now more furious than ever; so I told the boy he had made a bad job of it, and he had better be off, if he did not want to be killed. He took to his heels down the road,

and I did not see him any more; he would be no loss to anybody. We then began to search every room in the house, but the only man we found was a Joey taking his glass of beer in a room by himself. As soon as I saw him I said, 'That's the man, there's nobody else for it; he has got it on him, or else he has planted it, I'll swear. Let us search him.' 'What's that you're saying?' says the constable. I said, 'There's some gold just been stolen out of the bar, and as you were the only man about you must have taken it; can't be anybody else.' 'You lying scoundrel,' says he, 'take that;' and he struck me. I hit him back, and then the landlord came between us. I offered to go outside and see which of us was the better man, but the others would not allow it. They wanted to find the gold, and would not waste time over anything else. The constable turned out his pockets, and offered to let any one search him as much as they liked; said it was just as likely as not I stole the gold myself. It was a chance shot, and hit the mark; but he did not know it. The other men said that was nonsense; I could not have taken the gold, because we were all together at the top of the

road looking for the saddle when the gold was taken from the bar. So the man we wanted could not be found. I stayed about the place all day helping to look for him, and, after it was dark, I picked up the saddle and, planted it in the hole where you found it. Did not I do it nicely?"

"Yes, Tom," I replied, "you did it nicely, could not be done better by anybody; but it's a dangerous game. The police will be wanting you some day, and if any of your swag should be found in my tent, they might want me too; at any rate, I should lose my character. So you had better clear out and look for another mate." "Lose your character!" repeated Tom. "Oh, my, lose your character!" and he whistled contemptuously. "You and your character be blowed. But I'll go, never fear; I won't spile your character." So Tom and I dissolved partnership, and I saw him no more on the Turon. I have reason to believe that he stole a horse to fit the saddle, and went his way through the trackless bush a colonial knight-errant, equipped with the spoils of felony, it may be without fear, but certainly not without reproach.

Being tired of bad luck on the Turon, and

hearing good reports of the Ovens diggings, I humped my swag and started for that district. On my first day's journey I fell in with a party of five men bound for the same place. They had put their swags on a dray belonging to an old Irishman named Walsh, and as he had only one horse, they had purchased another to make the journey more easily. It was agreed that I should put my swag also on the dray and join the party, on condition that I paid one-sixth part of the money which had been given for the leading horse, amounting to twenty-eight pounds. Therefore, on paying the sum of four pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence, I became owner of a sixth part of the animal. This was my first deal in horseflesh in Australia, and that sixth part of a horse afterwards gave me more toil and trouble than any total horse I have since owned. But for the present the journey was quite pleasant and easy compared with the hard and ill-requited labour of the last three months. My new mates were also of a character better than that of Tom Farmer and his friends, and I was rising in the social scale; for, as far as I could judge, not one of the party had as yet been convicted. One was a solicitor from

Dublin, named George Brown, who, on account of his size and learning, assumed a kind of leadership among us; at least, he was our chief spokesman. Two of the men, named Scott, were lumberers from New Brunswick, skilled in the use of the axe, with which it appeared they could make anything except a watch; the other two were Englishmen, one a butcher from London, and the other had been mate on board a steamer, which he left at Sydney, in order to try his fortune at the diggings.

When we arrived at Spring Creek we agreed to explore the district in different directions, in order to decide in what locality it would be advisable to commence work. The horse belonging to our firm had been hobbled, and turned out to graze, and as no one else showed any inclination to use him, I thought I would try to ride him myself. I had no saddle and could not afford to buy one; but I borrowed an old bridle from Walsh, found an old blanket, which I folded and girthed on the horse's back with a piece of rope, mounted, and started to prospect in the direction of Reid's Creek. I arrived there about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and while going about making observations and inquiries

amongst the diggers, I heard two men disputing about the right to a piece of ground. From their language and accent, it was evident that one was an Irishman and the other an American. There was soon a considerable crowd gathered round the two men, anticipating a fight for the claim, which was the only kind of recreation or amusement to be had by the diggers at that time. Various proposals for settling the dispute were suggested. The commissioner lived at too great a distance to be of any immediate use. The Irishman proposed to fight, and let the better man take the ground. This offer met with great favour; but the American objected that the Irishman was bigger than himself, and he would not have a fair chance; but he was quite willing to fight him with pistols. The Irishman accepted the challenge. Two of the spectators volunteered to act as seconds, and after a few minutes' consultation they agreed upon the manner in which this trial by wager of battle was to be conducted. Two single-barrelled pistols were produced and loaded, the men were placed at a distance of twenty paces from each other, the crowd divided itself into two bodies, and stood at what appeared to be a safe distance

from the combatants, and then the two seconds drew lots to decide which man was to have the first shot. The lot fell to the American. He took deliberate aim at his enemy, but his shot was harmless. The Irishman was now fiercely exultant. "You haven't hot me a haporth," he exclaimed. "Now it's my turn, and it's quare if I don't drill a hole through you. Say your prayers and make your sowl, for it's in hell you'll be in five minutes." He meant mischief. He put forward his right foot firmly, slowly cast his eye along the ground until he fixed it on his victim, then gradually raised his weapon, holding it with both hands. But the aim did not seem to satisfy him, so he lowered the pistol, and went through the same ceremonies again. My impression was that he had never fired a pistol before and was afraid of it. The American did not appear to be praying or making his soul; but these deliberate and cold-blooded preparations to murder him affected his nerves. He resolved to make an effort to save his body, at any rate; and he suddenly ran away and took shelter behind the trunk of a large gum-tree. The Irishman, on seeing his enemy's retreat, shouted after him, "Come out o' that, you

cowardly Yankee, and take your pill like a gentleman." But the Yankee did not come out. The Irishman then ran to the tree, and appeared determined to deliver his shot at close quarters; but instead of firing he took the American by the beard and gave him two or three blows on the head with the pistol. The poor man had better have stood still to be shot at, for he fell bleeding and senseless to the ground.

The man who had acted as second to the American now inquired if any one in the crowd knew the wounded man's mate; and it was elicited that he had a mate of the name of John Leeming, and that the two men had lately arrived from California. A messenger went to look for Leeming, who arrived just after the American had partially recovered his senses, and was sitting on the ground reclining against the gum-tree, his head and face being covered with blood. The new-comer was an Irishman, a giant in stature, spare and muscular, having broad shoulders, and evidently possessing enormous strength. But in his manner he was the gentlest of giants. When he spoke he seemed as bashful as a child, elevated his eye-

brows, turned up the palms of his huge hands, bowed first to the right and then to the left, and looked so humble, meek and peaceful, he seemed to be apologising perpetually for his presumption in being so much above the level of his fellow creatures, and for being so venturesome as to give expression to any ideas at all. And all the while his grey eyes were glancing keenly around, observing everything; his hands rose and fell, and even his ears kept moving to and fro in a most extraordinary manner. He listened with great deference to the observations of the bystanders, bowing around with extreme politeness, and at length said, "Gintlemen, if I might make so bowld as to give an opinion, I'd be inclined to say that it's not only extramely foolish, but agin all the laws both of God and man, for two people to be fighting and abusing aich other for anything at all, and more especially about a bit o' ground that maybe isn't worth a red cent. Wouldn't it be aisier and more raisonable to settle the matter by arbitration, or by drawing a couple o' straws, or by the toss-up of a dollar, than for two men to be shooting and battering aich other without the laste taste of raison?" Then he paused for a

short time, and a look of compassion came over him, as he gazed down on his mate and said, "But it's a terrible sight he made of you, Joe." When he raised his eyes again a sudden gleam of fight illuminated his features. He looked eagerly at the faces around him, saying, "I'd be happy to make the acquaintance of the man who done it. Will the gintleman be kind enough to introduce himself?" Like a true knight he used gentle speech even on the verge of battle. But the "gintleman who done it" was nowhere to be seen; he had prudently left the ground when he observed the huge form of Leeming approaching. "At any rate, Joe," he continued, "you have paid dear enough for the claim, Heaven knows, and if you are not strong enough, I'll work it for you myself; and if I should find any other gintleman upon it, it's most likely I'd have a tindency to identify him. Lay on my shoulder now, Joe, and I'll carry you to the tent." He then took his mate in his arms and carried him away.

As Reid's Creek was overstocked with diggers, I returned to Spring Creek and reported accordingly. The horse was hobbled and allowed to find food for himself. Next morning I went

around to look for him, but he was not in sight, and I began to suspect he was stolen. Not far off two men were looking down a shaft, and seemed to be in some way interested in it. I went to look into it too, and there was our horse firmly jammed in the hole about eight or nine feet from the surface. The diggers were always ready to assist each other in cases of difficulty or calamity, and plenty of willing hands were soon on the spot helping us to extract the horse. Three spars were brought and erected over the shaft, their upper ends being fastened together, block and tackle and ropes were fixed, and in a very short time everything was ready except the horse; he was wedged so tightly in the hole that it was difficult to get ropes under him. A Sydney man, a pugilist, who was then in training for the purpose of fighting an ex-life-guardsman, went down to the horse, and standing on his back, endeavoured to dig out a space on each side, sufficient to girdle him with a rope. It was done at last, and then with a "Oh, one and all, Cheely men!" we raised the beast two or three feet; then something gave way, and he dropped into his grave again as tight as ever. But in the next attempt he was

landed safely, and not much injured, but extremely dirty.

Next day a rumour went through the diggings that rich gold had been struck at Happy Valley. We did not know where Happy Valley was, nor could we find anybody who did know. Some said it was up the Mitta-Mitta; while others maintained that it was up the Ovens River. We grew excited about it, and determined to go there anyhow, no matter where it was. Walsh, with his horse and cart, was ready to go too. We hastily bought a supply of flour, some bacon, a little of which went a long way, and some tea and sugar. We then scouted around to see which way the rush was heading, and concluded that it was taking the road to Wangaratta. But it wheeled to the left, and came on the Ovens River some miles above that township. It was spring-time, and the scenery was wild and beautiful; but we cared little about scenery; we were anxious to push forward and arrive at Happy Valley before all the rich ground was pegged off. We were also anxious about our horses; the rush was full of horse-thieves, and every day we met with people whose horses had been stolen. So we divided

the night into watches, and took turns in guarding the precious animals with gun and revolver, fully determined to shoot any one we found prowling round them at night. We continued to inquire of every one we met or passed how far it was to Happy Valley; but nobody could tell us. The Happy Valley, like happiness itself, seemed to be never present, but always eluding us, and vanishing in the distance as we approached it. I don't know to this day where Happy Valley is; all I know is that we never found it, and I don't believe there ever was such a place. Following the river all the way, we arrived at last at the head of navigation, beyond which no wheeled vehicle could pass. A level green spot on the banks of the river was already covered with tents, but there was no one digging, no one marking off claims. On one side of the river was a huge densely-wooded mountain, and on the other a scrubby flat, beyond which rose other mountains. A few men who had brought hooks and lines were fishing in the river, but they caught nothing; they pretended they came for sport and amusement, and were quite careless about gold; if they got any, well and good, and if they got

none, it did not matter much. There were in that crowd men of all professions, barristers, doctors, solicitors, squatters, '49ers from California, stockmen, bullock drivers, and Government men, of whom every man felt like a fool, and was trying to look as if he didn't.

All next day we wandered about hopeless and aimless. Some of the diggers who had no pride and no feelings of self-respect, were already preparing to return. As we sat by the camp-fire at night we were oppressed with gloom and disappointment. Nobody had found Happy Valley which was rich in gold; it might be far away over the mountains somewhere, but it certainly was not here. At last some one suggested that a pack-horse might proceed further up the river, although a cart could not; and proposed that some of us should take the two horses loaded with a few tools, a tent, and provisions, and prospect the country in the direction of the head-waters of the river. This was agreed to, and we now felt that we were not quite such fools as other people might suppose.

Early next morning the horses were brought in, and a party of four started up the river. It was a difficult country to travel, and appeared

never to have been visited by white men before. We had to cross the river very often; sometimes a swamp on one side was impassable, and sometimes the mountain on the other was too steep for the horses to pass in safety. When night came on we camped and enjoyed our frugal meal of damper, tea, and a very little bacon. Next morning we went onward as far as possible, until our further progress was barred by scrub, swamps, and torrents. We could see on the tops of the mountains great stretches of snow, which the November sun was melting, and sending streams of water cold as ice into the gullies below. So we camped, hobbled the horses, and commenced prospecting, two in one direction, and two in another. But wherever we tried to sink a shaft, we soon came upon abundance of water, and had to stop. We returned to camp in the evening, and fetched in the horses, which we found by the sound of a bell fastened to the neck of Walsh's horse. Next day we went out prospecting again, with no better results. About noon a heavy thunderstorm came on, and when it was over, it was remarked that the bell could not be heard. We went away in different directions through the

scrub and swamps trying to find the horses, and all returned to the camp at sundown wet, tired, and hungry, and with our boots full of blood and water. Leeches had fastened to our feet, and gorged themselves with blood, of which we had little to spare. We had now very little flour left, no bacon, and only a small quantity of tea and sugar. Another day would bring on us absolute starvation, and we reckoned that we had nearly twenty miles of scrubby valleys, mountains and swamps between us and the nearest bag of flour. Next morning we made a last despairing attempt to find the horses, but without success; and about ten o'clock we made up our swags, and began the weary tramp along the river. We were all suffering more or less from scurvy, but we did not then know what was the matter with us. Our boots felt as if they were soled with lead, and it was painful to lift them over the logs. We slowly toiled onward the whole day, and also long after sunset, guided only by the sound of the rushing water in the river. At last, completely wearied out, and despairing of ever reaching the camp-fires that night, we rolled ourselves in our blankets, lay down, and slept. It was long after

sunrise when we awoke and recommenced our journey. We did not waste our strength in conversation, nor did we travel together, but each man moved along as well as he could, silent, selfish and surly; and in the course of the day we all staggered one by one in the camp, hungry as wolves, and sought for something to devour. Lying around the fire at night, we gave an account briefly of our misfortunes. We did not wish to double our miseries by recounting them in detail. But Walsh, who had remained in camp, and now had a cart and harness but no horse, grew inappeasably furious; he wanted to fight somebody or everybody; he threw away his hat and shirt, and capered and danced about the fire, howling like a madman, until half the men in camp came around to see what was the matter. He grew so tiresome that at last one of the lumberers gathered together his long limbs and said, "You damned blatherskiting rebel, I'll make a gentleman of you in five minutes!" And he did so. Then we had sweet peace until the morrow.

During our absence Mr. Brown had become sick, and was lying inside the tent. He said he had such pain in his legs that he could not

walk. His case was so serious that I went and looked for a doctor, and soon found one disguised as a digger. He made a diagnosis, said the sickness was scurvy, and the remedy vegetables, especially cabbage. There were no cabbages in the camp, but one man had some potatoes in his dray, which he sold by apothecaries' weight. I put some of this medicine in a billy on the fire, and while I was waiting until it was boiled, a scream was heard from the tent, and in the next instant Mr. Brown rushed out of it; he had an aspect of wildness and horror which made us think that he had been suddenly attacked with madness, so we seized him and held him to prevent him from doing any injury to himself or any one else. He was gasping for breath, but at last we understood him to say that there was a snake in the tent. He had seen it coming in through a hole in the calico, close to his head, and sudden fear had cured his scurvy, and restored to him the use of his legs. We found no reptile in the tent, but behind it, at a few yards distance, a large black snake was crawling towards the river, and was killed. It had peeped into the tent, and, seeing the interior occupied already, had retired. It was some

time before Mr. Brown could be induced to return to the tent. He had an inborn aversion to snakes; they could not live in Ireland; whene'er a snake set foot on Erin's Isle, that moment it expired, so he said.

Next morning we made a bargain with a man, who had a team of eight bullocks and an empty bullock-dray, to take our cart and swags back to Spring Creek. His charge was twelve pounds. He looked at us one by one, and then said he wanted the money in advance. He was a man of sound judgment. By this time we were not worth much, either jointly or severally, and we looked like it. The cart was tied by the shafts to the rear of the dray, and a bed was made among the swags for Mr. Brown. On the second day after starting we called at a station at which we found a cabbage garden, and we bought or stole as much corned beef, and cabbages for medicine, as sufficed for the whole party until we arrived at Spring Creek. As an ancient poet observed, we are all as God made us, and very often worse. Fruit and vegetables are always of the best quality when stolen, as was now proved by the rapid improvement in our health.

It was now absolutely necessary, if we

intended to live at all, that we should settle down either to work or to steal, steadily and systematically, and go a-rushing no more. So we took possession of two abandoned huts on Spring Creek, between Peel's and Tidyman's stores. In the creek, whose bed was here about a hundred yards wide, there was a small stream meandering on the surface, but there was a great flow of water in the gravel underground, down to the bed-rock. We cleared out a race, constructed a Californian pump, took up a claim at the head of the race, and began to strip the surface, throwing the stuff with long-handled shovels as far as possible to the right and left. When we got down to the gravel, we had to rig the pump; then two of the party were continually at the windlass, and four taking out the dirt in buckets. The pumping could never cease, or the water would rise and flood the claim. It was the hardest of hard labour, and that pump was a fearful instrument of torture, an invention of the enemy of mankind. From sunrise to sunset we had to rush out the dirt, that is, to work without pause or rest until we had cleared everything out of the paddock, scraped the bed-rock, and piled the wash-

dirt. Then the weary pumping ceased, and the claim was soon half full of water. What a happiness it was afterwards to wash oneself pretty clean, put on a dry shirt, to have tea, and a slow and prolonged smoke, talking little and thinking less, simply resting from labour!

Next day we "washed off" by putting the wash-dirt in a sluice-box, or "Long Tom," through which a stream of water flowed, and stirring it to and fro with a shovel. The sinking was eight or nine feet deep, and it took us three or four days to finish the work of one claim, twelve feet by twelve feet. The gold was fine like dust, and pretty evenly distributed, and each successive claim averaged about twelve ounces. We remained slaving at this rate for about six months.

On a Sunday morning in February, 1854, I bought a copy of the "Argus" from a man who went round the diggings blowing a horn and selling the paper. It contained the following advertisement:—

"FOUND, a small sorrel horse, about six or eight years old, branded M. H. off-shoulder, straying on the flats and gullies forming the Head Waters of the Ovens River. The owner

may have him again by applying to Mr. Kinchendon, station keeper, near Yackandandah, by paying the expense of this advertisement and the horse-keep in the paddock, &c.

"JOHN R. ADAMS."

Next day two of our party went to Yackandandah with the receipt from the vendor of the horse, and brought the animal back. John R. Adams was one of the twelve men who, in 1849, had come on board the 'Timoleon' at Natchez, on the Mississippi. He was going home to Indiana all the time, and had now got as far as Yackandandah. He and his mates had followed our tracks up the Ovens, had found Walsh's horse dead, with the bell and hobbles still on the carcase, and our horse wandering about, fat and wild. They made a kind of stockyard with scrub and saplings, and managed to run him in. We had no use for him just now, so we hobbled and turned him out again, and took turns in going out once a week to look after him. Our joy at recovering the beast that had gone astray soon abated. He became very troublesome, difficult to find, and hard to catch when he was found. Even when hobbled he could go steeplechasing through the forest, and

jumping over prostrate trees, at a speed that was heart-breaking to the man who wanted him. Old Scott said he "might just as well try to go to hell backwards as to lay a hand on that horse."

I had been wandering after him in the burnt feed through the whole of a hot summer's day, and was returning home after dark, when I heard the sound of a bell at no great distance. I went in the direction of the sound and found six horses grazing. Thinking that our horse might have joined this mob, I went round them to see if I could identify him. I stooped occasionally to get their outlines between me and the sky; but they were restless, and would not allow me to obtain a good view of them. At last I turned to go away, when a gruff voice addressed me: "Well, mate, would none on 'em suit you?" I turned in the direction of the voice, and could just distinguish the figure of a man sitting on a log at a short distance. He had been watching me all the time. I told him I was looking for my horse which had strayed, and hearing that bell I went towards it to see if he was amongst the mob, but I could not see him. The man replied, "Ay, a likely story; it's a nice time o'

night to be looking for a hoss, ain't it? Them hosses is mine, and it's lucky for you you didn't meddle wi' ony on 'em." "Well," I said, "it is rather late; but you don't think, surely, I wanted to steal one of your horses, do you?" "I am sure you did," he replied; "and if you had laid a hand on one on 'em, I'd ha' shot you." I thought now that I might as well be moving away, so I merely said, "You are quite mistaken for once, mate; good night." "Go you to blazes!" he retorted. The next time we caught that sorrel we sold him; we had sorrow enough without him.

About this time the first hotel on the creek was opened near the Government Camp, on a rocky rise where the town of Beechworth now stands. The landlord was a long-nosed man, who used to sit in a little office at the end of the counter watching the bar and barman, and taking the cash. The house was much frequented by the diggers, and appeared to be a paying concern. One day, while we were at work in our claim, and "I was dry with heat and extreme toil, breathless and faint, leaning upon my spade, came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed," and looked down on us from the

top of a pile of dirt. It was Tom Farmer, wearing a new suit of store clothes, looking clean and almost respectable. I said, "Well, Tom, and what are you up to now on the Ovens?" He replied, "I'm doing pretty well, making fourteen pounds a week splitting slabs; pays better than digging. I am just now taking a spell. I suppose you are making your pile here?"

I was uncommonly disgusted. Here were we, six honest men, working like galley-slaves for little more than a bare living, among water, and slush, and rocks, and this flat-faced pickpocket was idle and flourishing. Although his face never wore any expression, I fancied that he was looking down on us with pity and contempt as a parcel of fools, who had not sense enough to know how to make a decent living without picking and scratching month after month in a miserable twelve-foot puddle. He seemed to be repeating what he had said when we dissolved partnership on the Turon—"Lose your character! spile your character! You and your character be blowed. I can live better than you, and I ain't got no character." I lost all patience, and howled out my indignation. "I know what kind of slabs you're splitting. You

are making your fourteen pounds a week by picking pockets about that new hotel, shepherding drunken diggers. I know your game. Clear out at once, for if I see your ugly face again, I'll give you in charge for what you did on the Turon."

Several weeks after this, on going to the camp to renew my licence, I saw a cart moving off in which six men were sitting. The driver was a constable, and a mounted constable armed with carbine, pistols, and sword, was riding alongside. I stepped aside as the vehicle approached, and looked at the unfortunate men in the cart. They were handcuffed and ironed. Two were old acquaintances, viz., Lanky Dick and Tom Farmer. I think both of them recognised me, but they looked dogged and sullen, and made no sign.

After this Mr. Brown had an adventure. He was our fighting partner; hitherto he had not been required to act as such, but now his opportunity came. We had just finished dinner, and were smoking a digestive pipe before resuming work, when we observed a digger lying on the ground not far from our tent; his hat was over his face, and he appeared to be

asleep. He wore a blue flannel shirt, moleskin trousers, and heavy boots. We thought he was drunk, and our Mr. Brown gave him a slight kick and requested him to move on. This seemed to rouse the stranger a little. He slowly turned his face towards Mr. Brown, and said, "Is this your claim, mate? cos if it is, in course I'll clear out." Mr. Brown replied that he would have to clear out anyway, and he had better be quick about it. We were proud to see Mr. Brown taking high ground; it was spirited, and did honour to the partnership. The man kept quite cool, saying, "Oh, well! if you'll make me clear out I'll go quite willing." He rose very leisurely, and seemed to have a difficulty in steadying himself on his legs; rolled up his shirt sleeves, and at length intimated that he was ready to be put off the ground. He stood with his legs rather wide apart, and with his arms hanging down by his sides. It was evident he was a drunken unmannerly fool, and Mr. Brown at once proceeded to give him a lesson in science and good manners. He aimed his first blow straight at the stranger's nose, but somehow it went over the shoulder, and Mr. Brown's small ribs came in violent

contact with the other man's fist. Our mate stepped back, looking rather pale. The stranger addressed us very civilly: "Don't you be afraid, mates; I won't hurt him, I'll go off the ground as soon as he puts me off, never fear; that 'ull be all right." Mr. Brown made a second attack, and by some means ran against the stranger's fist without hitting him, and then fell suddenly to the ground. He was so short of breath as to be unfit for work during the rest of the day. I remarked that the stranger never seemed to spar or guard, and never moved his feet from the ground. He merely raised one arm twice, and Mr. Brown's ribs ran against it. He said, "Your mate's all right, hasn't got a scratch, you see. I told you I wouldn't hurt him, and I ain't. I allus keep my word. Anybody else like to put me off the ground? quite ready to oblige. Well, all right; by-by, mates."

A learned judge in the time of the Georges, "consule Plauco," once observed that there was no moral wrong done when two Englishmen, having a difference of opinion, pommelled each other with their fists until one of them was killed. A breach of the law was indeed committed, but of so slight a nature, that it was a

sufficient punishment to bind over the offender to come up and receive judgment when called upon, and of course he never would be called upon in this world. Fighting with fists was an ancient custom of the English race, and was therefore essentially moral.

One of the New Brunswickers began to read to us chapters from his pocket-Bible. He did not read selected parts, but opened the book at random, and then slowly and solemnly read whatever part first met his eye. We listened in silence. When the chapter was finished he closed the volume and put it in his pocket without adding another word. One day he told me in confidence that there was a Jonah in the ship, that is, in the partnership, that he was "shaking nuggets," and that we should never make our pile until he was thrown overboard. He next began to dream dreams, which he related to me under the belief that I was Daniel the prophet, and had the gift of interpretation. It was in vain that I protested that I was not Daniel, or any other prophet, and that I had no gifts whatever. He insisted on my giving the meaning of his last dream, which troubled him much. He was standing on the bank of a river

in New Brunswick, when the wife of a neighbour came with a bucket to draw water from the stream. He offered to draw the water for her, and, taking the bucket, descended the bank. The first bucketful was muddy, and he threw it away ; so was the next. He kept on dipping buckets of water and throwing them away until he obtained one that was nearly clean. That was his dream, and he demanded my interpretation thereof. I said I would revolve the dream in my mind, and its meaning would be imparted to me in the watches of the night. Next day poor Scott required no interpretation. He was in a raging fever. Soon after the seaman was attacked with fever also, and the rest of us, between attending on the sick and working in the creek, had enough to do. In a few weeks the two sick men, though too weak to work, were able to move about a little, and they departed in a dray for Melbourne.

We were unlucky diggers, but we did not like to own it, and we lingered on the creek a while longer. All the necessaries of life—beer, brandy, tobacco, jam, pickles, and flour—were at famine prices. My first five hundred pounds had not come in three months, nor in six months,

nor in twelve months. In fact, I found that at the present rate it would take at least five hundred years to accumulate the first five hundred pounds, and I could not wait so long. We were undecided what to do, and we waited. Everything comes to the man who waits. What came to us one morning was a raging flood, which carried away our Californian pump, buried our sluice-box under an avalanche of mud, and covered the scene of all our labours with a foaming deluge of yellow waters. We found no trouble in coming to a decision now. If we went into the creek we should certainly be drowned, so we went into it no more.

It was now evident that I should have to spend my life in this despised country, which I had once hoped to leave in the occupation of poor emigrants, convicts, gaolers and niggers, while I revelled in riches, and enjoyed the delights of civilisation in my native land.

Mr. Brown decided to resume the practice of his profession, and kindly offered to take me as his clerk, and make me learned in the law. The law, he said, was not one of the exact sciences; it allowed very great differences of opinion amongst those who were considered the

highest authorities. Even when its axioms were admitted, the application of them was infinitely various; and it was the best profession for a man who did not know anything in particular, and was not particular about anything. He thought it would just suit me.

We therefore humped our swags and walked all the way to Melbourne; camping out every night, and, making easy stages, we completed the journey in ten days. Our first night in the city we passed at the Devonshire Hotel in Collingwood, the accommodation of which was of the rough-and-ready kind. We slept on the floor of a long room in the upper storey with about forty other men, one of whom was evidently in a dying state, but in the morning I saw that he was still alive. Each man had a narrow mattress and a coarse coverlet, no pillows, sheets or blankets. But, as for more than a year our roof had been the blue vault of heaven, or a few strips of bark or calico, we seemed to be entering on a life of unwonted luxury. The sleepers were all either lucky or unlucky diggers; men of all climes, attached to none.

Mr. Brown commenced business under favour-

able circumstances. In religious matters, he was not bigoted, and, being an Irishman, believed it would be to his advantage to be a zealous Catholic, in order to obtain the patronage of the majority of his fellow countrymen; and, although he was a freemason, and, as such, liable to excommunication, his serene soul was untroubled. On the time-payment principle, he arrayed himself in the best broadcloth, wore a shining vest of white satin, gold watch and chain, and a profusion of rings and jewellery. His faultless attire and religious demeanour commanded respect and confidence. He attended church regularly every Sunday, and performed his devotions, kneeling on one knee only, as is the custom of many gentlemen in Ireland, bending both knees making them appear too humble and obsequious, and like common Christians. Mr. Brown always took a front seat where the whole congregation could see and be edified by his piety. He did not hide his light under a bushel, nor stand afar off like the humble publican. He was soon patronised by the clergy, and introduced to a public meeting of the congregation as the only honest lawyer in Victoria. He made a neat little

speech, and, with bashful demeanour, claimed credit for no unusual talents; but in the matter of truth and honesty, and good intentions, he would turn his back on no man. He concluded his brief remarks by a patriotic reference to the "first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea."

I began to respect Mr. Brown, and to feel my own inferiority. With one stroke of genius he had opened the way to fortune. A few weeks ago he was a dirty digger at the Ovens, and now he was a shining light, and the model of a prosperous and Christian gentleman. As far as I was able to judge his knowledge of the law was not above the average, but in his practice he was sagacious. In the county court, when he had been retained for the defence, he invariably began by applying for a nonsuit on as many points as he could possibly bring forward, and was often successful. I once ventured to remonstrate with him on this manner of defending a case, and pointed out to him that it would be better for both plaintiff and defendant to have their little suit settled without so much delay and prolonged litigation. He gazed on me with a look of pity and

contempt. "My dear fellow," he observed, "your ignorance is beyond belief; you ought to know by this time that the first and only object in legal proceedings is costs. The law allows them, and the court awards them. Why does any man study and practise the law except to live? And how can he live if he does not live on his clients? That was the first lesson my excellent old master in Dublin gave me. He used to say, 'Always take a nonshoot point when you can; it's a nest-egg for the next coort.'"

In issuing county court summonses, he was always careful to retain the plaint note, which enabled him to draw money when any was paid into court. If the amount was small, say five or six pounds, he retained the whole of it for costs, telling his client that it did not cover his bill, and offering to make out an account. This offer the client usually declined, as he was not anxious to undergo any further fleecing. If the amount was large, his bill was also large in proportion, and was usually paid; sometimes when there was much grumbling, and some danger of taxation, he would strike out a few items. Once, I remember, he generously reduced

the amount from one hundred and seventy pounds to seventy-five pounds, thus showing his willingness to settle everything in a satisfactory manner. For a time Mr. Brown flourished exceedingly.

An election was impending in an extensive district. The burning question in politics then was the land question. Those who held the land wanted to keep it, and those who had no land wanted to get some. There were two candidates for a seat in Parliament; one was a squatter named Bates, and the other, an anti-squatter named Mack, required a scrutineer to guard his interests on the day of election, and requested me to fill that office. So far it had never occurred to me to have any colonial politics, and now, having no land of my own, I naturally fell into the ranks of the land law reformers. The result of that election was disastrous to both candidates. Mack was in a minority at every booth in the district except at mine, and there he polled a large majority. He lost the election, was ruined by the expenses, and became insolvent. The successful candidate celebrated his victory by a course of jubilant intoxication, and finished the festal time by

falling from his horse and breaking his neck. The verdict of the jury was that he died from a partial dislocation of the cervical vertebræ, caused by an accidental fall from his horse. Juries never say a man died drunk.

A Liberal ministry was then in power, and they rewarded my services in the good cause by conferring on me the appointment of clerk of courts. At first I felt some diffidence in my new office, knowing nothing whatever of the duties appertaining to it, and being conscious that my knowledge of law was very limited. One qualification, viz., the insolence of office, being a national virtue, came to me by inheritance; and I soon felt infinite relief on discovering that the ignorance of the justices was much greater than my own. The honorary magistrates were then appointed solely on account of their wealth or politics, and not, as at present, in reward for their virtues and intelligence. The stipendiary magistrates received their appointment by favour of the governor or ministry for the time being, and if they brought any legal knowledge or moral character to the bench, it was a mere matter of chance; they could fill the billet either with it or without it.

My salary was not so large as to enable me to live in luxury, and my intention was to practise economy, and to avoid debt and its troubles. But in prospecting my claim, I found that the yield might exceed my first expectations. There was an established system of receiving bonuses and presents from the public for matters not mentioned in any scale of fees, which revealed an unexpected prospect of wealth. I never could ascertain how far this system prevailed in the government service generally, for the subject was delicate, and was not discussed except among intimate friends. I once mentioned the matter to the chairman of the bench, a very old and respected colonist, and he said he could not see the slightest harm in it. Some people call it bribery and corruption, but many great men have sanctioned it by their example. The principle applicable to it seems to be that kings and ministers may give or receive bribes and perquisites to any extent, and in any manner, with clear consciences; but in their officers the practice becomes sinful, and the lower the officer is in the service, the greater is his crime. But it is a crime which finds

favour with human nature. Its quality, like that of mercy,

> "Is not strain'd,
> It droppeth, as the gentle rain from Heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd:
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

It seems, on looking back over my past life, that I have had the misfortune of falling into bad company, like the man travelling from Jerusalem to Jericho; and at this time an old hand was, as it were, ready to receive me with open arms, and to instal himself in the position of my friend and patron. He was a "lifer" from Tasmania, named Grimes, a sergeant of police, and attended the court daily. He was very deferential to the bench, always gave the military salute when he met a justice of the peace, and his demeanour in court when he was giving evidence produced a favourable impression of his straightforword English honesty and truth. You could see at once that there was nothing underhand or sneaking about Grimes; he was a plain, blunt man, who spoke out just what he thought. But I know, on the best of evidence, viz., his own, and from many facts that came to my knowledge, that there was

no greater villain in the city than he was. He would relate with pride how he used several of his old associates as spies and informers; these engaged other men in plans of burglary or robbery, and then gave him such information as would enable him to pounce on the criminals at the proper moment; one of the party always eluded capture by the police; that was the informer. Grimes thus got credit for being a smart and active officer, and the informer could enjoy his liberty, and laugh at the law in happy security, as long as his treachery was undiscovered.

Such was the man who kindly undertook to nurse and instruct me during my official infancy; and he edified me by detailing many interesting particulars.

My predecessor, Mr. Jones, had held office for some years in the pre-gold-digging era, the Neozoic Age of the colony, producing official monsters eighteen feet in length and nine feet high, whose jaws were five feet long, all devouring Titanotheræ. Salaries were then low, and it was absolutely necessary for gentlemen to supply, by their own ingenuity, that respectable income which a parsimonious government denied.

Mr. Jones was a gentleman of dignified and urbane manners, who fascinated the public, and received presents in very great variety. As money was rather scarce in the forties, his clients generally preferred to contribute some articles of trade. The consequence was that Mr. Jones' office was always well supplied with goods. Bottles of beer, rum, and Old Tom, were filed in the pigeon-holes along with official records; presses and drawers teemed with articles of jewellery, pipes, boots, coats, knives, tobacco, soap, hats, and sometimes butter and cheese. More than one sack of potatoes had been turned from the door, as the line must be drawn somewhere. The court house was like a general store, and it was sometimes embarrassing to work off the articles profitably. But after the discovery of gold a new system was inaugurated. Mr. Jones determined to do business on a strictly cash basis and refused all trade. Sergeant Grimes strongly advised me to follow his example. The perquisite on each publican's licence was five pounds, and on other licences ten shillings each. The income received by both Mr. Jones and Sergeant Grimes from the hotel keepers was considerable. Business

was brisk, buildings were going up in all directions, the population was increasing, and was afflicted with perpetual thirst. To quench that thirst much liquor and many hotels were required. When Mr. O'Rafferty, for example, desired to apply for a licence certificate, he had first to consult Sergeant Grimes, and that zealous officer instructed him in the course he was to pursue in order to bring his business to a successful issue.

On entering the office he would observe Mr. Jones' hat at one end of the office table. That officer, on being made aware of Mr. O'Rafferty's business, would pucker up his brow in deep thought, then rise from his chair, and, pacing to and fro, subject the applicant to a searching examination concerning his character, his antecedents, his prospects, and his wife and family, glancing from time to time into his hat. It was Mr. O'Rafferty's duty to drop a five or ten-pound note into the hat, as already instructed by the sergeant, when Mr. Jones' back was turned, and when this had been done, that gentleman would in some degree relax his official dignity, and intimate that he would take an early opportunity of visiting the house, and

would, if possible, recommend the bench to take Mr. O'Rafferty's application into favourable consideration.

Sergeant Grimes' earnings, I have reason to think, exceeded in value those of Mr. Jones. His natural talents, improved by long experience, enabled him to use his official position to the best advantage. His fee for protecting hotel keepers from being fined and annoyed by legal proceedings was five pounds half-yearly from each hotel. And if one of his clients neglected his duty in this particular, he was soon made to feel the consequence. The sergeant visited the delinquent hotel keeper, accompanied by two constables, one of whom, with official sternness, was ordered to watch the front door, and the other to guard the rear of the premises. Mr. Grimes then entered the house, called aloud for the landlord, and began his inspection, holding his hands behind his back. "Now, Smith, you know this will never do; two fellows drunk here in the bar—against the law—shall have to bring you before the court; some bad characters about, too—disreputable females; can't allow you to keep a disorderly house, you know—a respectable man

like you ought to know better; another drunken man in this room—can't allow this sort of thing," and so on, until he felt the five-pound note put into his hand, and then his threats and grumblings would gradually cease.

In course of time Grimes left the force with an unblemished character and a substantial testimonial to which he himself subscribed liberally; it was even said that he was in fact the only subscriber. His emotion on receiving it was so great that he actually shed tears. He was a man of great talents, who had made good use of his opportunities and profited by experience. He had never been convicted but once. He lived in dignified ease to a good old age, got religion, entered the vineyard at the eleventh hour, and died in the odour of sanctity. A detachment of the Salvation Army followed his remains to the general cemetery, the band playing the appropriate air of "Johnny comes marching home." His virtues, both public and domestic, are recorded, and may be read to this day, on the monument of white marble erected to his memory.

One of the justices who sat daily on our bench was Mr. McNiven. He had commenced

his colonial career as a carter with a one-horse team; he saved money enough to purchase another horse, and gradually amassed several teams; hired men and took contracts; dropped the name of carter and became a contractor. He was ambitious, too, and at length attained to the dignity of justice of the peace. It was in the court of petty sessions that I first made his acquaintance. Although he had not had the advantage of a good education, in matters of business his perceptions were acute and his judgments sound. He was at this time the owner and licensee of an hotel in a busy thoroughfare called the "Golden Crown," and as his business prevented him from retiring early to rest he was not an early riser; but, being anxious to perform his duties as a magistrate, he used to hurry into court about ten o'clock, as soon as he had finished his morning prayers, and take his seat on the bench. He always brought with him the money received at his hotel during the previous day, and so great was his confidence in my honesty that he was accustomed to entrust me with the contents of his pockets, for the purpose of placing the amount to his credit in the bank.

He never counted the money, but gave it to me in handfuls of notes, silver, and gold. His simple trust was very touching, and I repaid it by piloting him, to the best of my ability, through all the mazes of the law, and the wiles of the lawyers. When he was chairman of the bench, and he took the chair whenever he could, not even the chief justice in his wig could assume a look of greater wisdom and dignity. My instructions to him were simple. He was enjoined never to open his lips during the hearing of a case, never to give a decision until I told him what it should be; and, above all, never to give any reason whatever for his decision, because I knew that, although his decision might be right, there was great danger that his reason would be wrong. By this means he became an admirable justice of the peace, and rose very high in his own estimation; and he was considered by some of his friends to be little inferior in knowledge and ability to a police magistrate. He was inclined to be very severe on those drunkards and vagrants with whom he was not personally acquainted, and imposed on them the highest fines allowed by law.

Mr. Brown, my old mate at the Ovens, having by this time exhausted the resources of his first clients, appeared one morning at our court in the practice of his profession. I introduced him to Mr. McNiven, J.P., and soon afterwards observed that he was in the habit of spending his evenings as an honoured guest at the "Golden Crown." Mr. McNiven had four blooming daughters, and it now occurred to Mr. Brown that it was time to settle in life, and that to be son-in-law to a wealthy man like McNiven was a relationship not to be despised. He therefore fell deeply in love with, and paid assiduous attentions to, the eldest Miss McNiven. Her name was Eudoxia, but her pet-name in the family was Dozy. I observed the progress of this suit with some interest; no course of true love ever ran so smooth as that of Mr. Brown. He had no misgivings as to the future; a life of wealth and happiness was before him. His love was blind, and the very name of Dozy had a suggestion of childish innocence that was quite enchanting, and banished all mean suspicions. So he dreamed his short dream of love and happiness, and he and Dozy were joined in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony in

the best society style of the day. A column and a half of fashionable intelligence in the "Argus" was devoted to a description of the interesting ceremony, the presents to the bride, and an exhaustive analysis of the ladies' dresses.

But the result of this match forms a solemn warning to all interested lovers. The happy couple were not happy long, and Mr. Brown's oppressed clients had soon the pleasure of knowing that vengeance had overtaken the author of their wrongs. Dozy was subject to spasms, which nothing could relieve except a few drops of brandy. At first Mr. Brown administered the drops lovingly and generously; but he was pained to see that the spasms became more frequent, and the drops more numerous. Gradually the sad truth dawned on his mind; but he felt reluctant to give it a name. He remonstrated gently with Dozy, and begged of her not to make the doses so large; but all to no purpose. Then he strictly forbade the introduction of all liquors into his house; but the liquors came nevertheless. Dozy, in her husband's absence, sent a servant for supplies, and then the two drank eternal friendship, and poured down libations to the

confusion of "Old Parchment,"—that was the disrespectful name they gave to their lord and master. Mr. and Mrs. Brown had thirty-seven servants in the first eighteen months of their married life, and of these thirty-two were expelled by Mr. Brown for being drunk, and Dozy dismissed the other five because they would not drink.

Mr. Brown had been deceived most miserably. On the bridal morn Dozy and her fair sisters, arrayed in flowing robes, and flowers, and gold, and sparkling gems, seemed like angels fresh from Heaven, shedding around on this favoured world bright gleams of bliss and glory from their native skies. But now, alas! it was plain that they belonged entirely to this sinful world, and had no knowledge of, and gave no thought to, the realms above.

> "Upon their brows had never blown
> The wind that breathes from Allah's throne."

The shadow of the family cloud fell on me. Mr. McNiven did not often attend the court at this time, and, when he did so, he forgot to empty his pockets, and gave me no more handfuls of notes, silver, and gold to place to his credit in the bank.

Mr. Brown called at the "Golden Crown" one evening, and detailed his matrimonial troubles to his father-in-law, with a vague hope of obtaining some condolence or consolation from the old man; but he got none. Mr. McNiven laid all the blame on Mr. Brown, said that he had not taken proper care of Dozy, nor treated her well; insinuated that he had married her not for love but money, and concluded by saying, that Dozy was the flower of his flock, and was a much better wife than Mr. Brown deserved. Mr. Brown lost his temper and retorted foolishly. He said that if Dozy was the flower of the flock, Mr. McNiven's future sons-in-law were to be pitied. After saying this he had to leave the house very quickly. He had five deadly enemies who carried on the war against all rules of international law.

Dozy developed another objectionable habit. She threw tumblers, bottles, knives, or any other article that was at hand, at her husband's head, and then summoned him for assault, corroborating her evidence by that of a servant, or of one of her sisters. Mr. Brown was fined several times, and was looked upon as a monster of cruelty; though he always asserted, both

publicly and privately, that he was perfectly innocent, and had never once raised his hand against Dozy. His affliction and disgrace became so extreme that he left the city, and took up his residence in a distant part of the colony, where the population was scanty and costs were scarce. As soon as Dozy discovered his whereabouts, she sued him for maintenance, and obtained an order against him. Mr. Brown was a poor man now, and the payments to his wife soon fell into arrears. No lawyer surely was ever harassed so much with law as was Mr. Brown. He was scourged most pitilessly with his own whip; and all his "non-shoot points" now failed him in his utmost need. I had first to make out a warrant to apprehend him, and a warrant for his commitment to Melbourne gaol for three months.

When he had been in prison a month Dozy and her sisters paid him a visit, and their presence brought a ray of hope to the prisoner. He pleaded hard to be allowed his liberty; it was impossible, he said to Dozy, for him to earn anything to pay for her maintenance while he was in gaol; but he pleaded in vain. It was not maintenance she wanted, it was

revenge. The sisters agreed that he had improved very much under prison discipline, and had better remain where he was; and Dozy gave him to understand that she could not think of releasing him unless he paid to the last farthing.

Having missed or misused his chance of fortune Mr. Brown has spent the rest of his life attending courts of petty sessions and county courts, picking up the crumbs that fall from the table of his more prosperous brethren. He never forgets his early training, and still hunts assiduously for "nonshoot points, and nest-eggs for the next coort." But his clients never employ him twice, and he is consequently doomed to be for ever moving on, and, like the Wandering Jew, he finds no place of rest.

Dozy, the flower of the flock, died early. McNiven left the "Golden Crown," and developed a talent for growing rich which excited universal esteem and admiration. We praise and exalt a good cricketer, footballer, rower, or boxer, but our deepest respect and reverence is reserved for the man who makes money. He may be a brute and a blackguard, but he has for us the one transcendent virtue, and

we accordingly fall down and adore him. If by any mischance or miscalculation he becomes poor, and has to look for a billet at twenty-five shillings a week, he is at once an impostor and a sham, and we despise and avoid him. But McNiven was successful to the last; death alone relaxed the grasp in which he held his darling wealth. The manner in which he amassed it was very simple, and did not appear to require any extraordinary ability. He had bought town lots cheap when the city was young, and as time went on the "unearned increment" became enormous without giving much trouble to anybody. He invested his savings in good securities, never left a pound idle, if he could help it, never risked his money in booms of any kind, land, gold, or silver. He was not a society man; never went to dinners or parties, and never gave any; cared nothing about the pomps and vanities of this deceitful world; did not go to church; said all the clergy were after nothing but filthy lucre; wasted nothing on charities, never gave a beggar a penny, because he said that would be encouraging drunkenness and immorality; wore his old clothes as long as possible, and then sold them

for what they would fetch. He was systematically happy.

I saw him occasionally in his declining years, and he condescended to remember me. He once called to mind the days of his comparative innocence and simplicity, when he used to entrust to me uncounted cash to place to his credit in the bank. His conscience seemed to trouble him about it, and he was afraid I might have abused his confidence to the extent of a few pounds. I quieted his scruples as well as I could, and assured him I had never kept a penny of it. I think he almost believed me, but he still looked suspicious; for his opinion was that all men were rogues, and the rest fools.

I called to see him in his last sickness. He was extremely weak, but still quite sensible, and the ruling passion was as strong as ever. As it was evident that his end was near, I advised him to make his will, and suggested that it might be well to call in a clergyman and be prepared for the worst, although I hoped he would live many a long day yet. He said, "There's time enough for all that. Maybe they'll want me to give stacks of gold to charities and churches and hospitals that never did me

any good, and devil a penny they will get of mine." He paused awhile to recover breath, and then a consoling idea came into his mind. "How many times do you think I've had the doctor?" he asked. I said, perhaps ten or twelve times. "Only twice," he replied, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "It's a big bill he'd want to make out agen me, but I won't give him the chance." His dying trouble was to save expense, and to keep down the bills of the doctor, the nurse, and the undertaker.

Soon after this a change came over him. He turned his eyes towards me, and made a feeble motion with his bony hand. I leaned over him, and asked if there was anything I could do for him.

"The cat," he whispered, "don't you see it on the bed?" There was no cat there, but I pretended to give it a slap, and turn it out of the room, and smoothed the coverlet over his feet, saying "It's gone now, it won't trouble you any more." On looking at him again I saw he was dead, and of all the wealth he had grasped there was none in his hands.

The old longing for a change came over me. A city police court is not a nice place; it is not

conducive to health of mind or body. It has a frowsy, unpleasant odour emanating from the daily procession through it of unwashed criminals and their friends, male and female. How any man could frequent it, as did that old horse-faced McNiven, day after day, for nothing else but to enjoy the miserable dignity of sitting in judgment on drunkards, thieves, and vagabonds, is hard to understand. It is a style of ambition that seems very low.

I had arranged for my transference to another district through "our member," and then wrote officially to the minister of justice, intimating that a longer residence in the city would endanger my health, and requesting that I might be removed to some more salubrious locality. I received the following reply :—

"L. 17596. Crown Law Offices, 27th July, 18—.

"SIR—

"Referring to your letter of the 20th June ultimo, No. 2983, requesting appointment as clerk of courts in some more salubrious climate in the Colony, on the ground that your residence in the city is endangering your health, I am directed by the honourable the minister of justice to inform you that, on forwarding to

these offices the requisite medical certificate, your request will be complied with.

"I am at the same time to intimate that the present compliance of the honourable the minister of justice with your request is not to be considered as a precedent for the future, the only valid ground for the removal and appointment of officers being the good of the service.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAS. JACKSON,

"*Secretary to the Law Department.*"

A week afterwards I was directed to proceed at once to Jingo Creek at my own expense. A recent discovery of payable gold had attracted a large population to that place. My appointments now filled several paragraphs in the Government Gazette; but the delight of receiving these new proofs of the confidence reposed in me by Her Majesty's Government was much mitigated on discovering that four-fifths of the allowances previously attached to them had been curtailed.

The general tone of the society on the Creek was free and unrestrained. In addition to the

usual crowd of diggers from every point of the compass, there were pickpockets, burglars, gamblers, judges, police magistrates, barristers, solicitors, and barmaids, nearly all good drinkers. Sometimes when the court opened at ten o'clock A.M., its faculties were paralysed, and the proceedings had to be adjourned to give time for recovery.

Our first police magistrate was a failure *ab initio*. He came up one day by the coach, and was soon afterwards observed by constable Carey wandering at large "under the influence." In reply to a gentle remonstrance he assumed a look of unsteady dignity, and used threatening and unbecoming language. So the constable, ignorant of the quality of his prisoner, promptly ran him in. Next day the unfortunate stipendiary was charged in his own court with being drunk in a public place, resisting the police in the execution of his duty, and using profane language. The constable was privately urged to withdraw the charges; but he scornfully refused, and our first magistrate retired ignominiously into private life.

Our next magistrate was a military man, Captain Barfit. The horse which brought him

to his duties, and for which he received a travelling allowance of sixty pounds per annum, was as useful a public officer as his master. There was a post in the fence adjoining the nearest hotel which belonged to the horse, as his bridle was regularly thrown over it, and he stood before it patiently waiting many hours of the day and night. The boys looked into the hotel from time to time, and said to one another, "Let's have a ride, the old beak's drunk;" and then they took turns in riding the horse about, in scandalous defiance of the majesty of the law.

Captain Barfit was on friendly terms with the barmaids and other ladies. One day eight of these maidens were brought before his worship and charged with various offences against public police and good order, and in each case, as soon as the evidence for the prosecution was concluded, Mr. Barfit merely uttered the words "Case dismissed," giving at the same time a significant leer at the prosecuting constable. The ladies gained the victory, and afterwards used to defy the police, and threatened to report them to the police magistrate if they interfered with their betters. The brandy on the Jingo

was of a deadly quality, and it soon killed Mr. Barfit.

Our next stipendiary was of a superior character. He was sober and dignified, wore gloves and a beaver hat, showed a strong determination to repress immorality and bad language, gave impressive lectures on the bench to criminals, and did everything in his power to improve our morals. His wife was very lady-like and fashionable, and was to be seen only in the very best society. But she died rather suddenly from an overdose of medicine, and then it became known that Mr. Doubleface had another wife who had just arrived from England, and was now on her way to join her husband on the Jingo. She had written a letter informing him of her intended journey. This letter, addressed in a lady's hand, had been received by the second Mrs. D., and impelled by suspicion and jealousy, she had opened it and died. The last time we heard of Mr. Doubleface, he was selling matches in the streets of Dunedin.

A number of judges passed across the field of vision in court like figures in a magic-lantern. One was silent and saturnine; he sat on the

bench solemn and sad as a funeral. Suitors felt as if the day of final judgment had arrived, and were oppressed with gloom. Another judge was religious and benevolent; his judgments were copious homilies; he patronized schools and benevolent and literary institutions; and made speeches of great length with a facility that was very distressing. His mind was as amply stored as the cave of Æolus, and he could blow from any quarter.

The next judge was horsey; wore cord breeches and high boots; disposed of county court cases at the rate of seven cases in three minutes by the government clock. An address from counsel had to be delivered to his empty chair, while he walked to and fro behind it, not even pretending to listen. He was the only judge since the time of Cromwell who has deserved to be canonized. He took no notes, delivered his judgments like a shot, and called the next case instantly. He would stand no foolishness, and the lawyers withered and dried up before his face.

Our third judge took copious notes of all the evidence, and the pains he took lest anything should escape his pen were truly painful. But

it was all labour in vain, for nothing he wrote was ever legible. The first day he sat in court he strictly enjoined me never to let any one see or copy his notes; he said they were his private property, and were of great value and importance. The injunction was superfluous, as, after the court rose, neither he himself nor any one else was ever able to decipher them, even if his salvation depended on doing so.

Our last judge had retired from the stormy seas of politics to spend the evening of his life in the peaceful haven of the bench. At this time there were several residents on the Creek whose appearance in court either as plaintiffs, defendants, or witnesses, always made the proceedings interesting, and when the judge looked down the cause-list, he was quite disappointed if one or more of their names did not appear.

The first of these was Peter Piper. He had a life-long complaint, which was, that everybody he dealt with tried to impose on him because he "wasn't eddicated." It took him nearly ten minutes to write his name, but he did it effectually; nobody could forge it. He was never seen to smile; he wore a perpetual

look of injured innocence which reproached mankind in general for doubting his honesty and truth. He promised everything and performed nothing; never paid a debt if he could help it, but when hard pressed consented to give an I. O. U. for it. This he looked upon as payment in full. When summoned to court he always swore he had paid the debt; he had given his Y. O. U. for it. And when judgment was given against him, he would endeavour to satisfy it with another Y. O. U.

Another litigant was Uncle Sol, a fence from London. He was a man of erect bearing and unruffled temper; his address was polite and very respectful, and he uttered every sentence in a tone of sincerity that was very impressive; and I believe that he really told the truth as far as it was prudent to do so. He did not lie simply for the sake of lying and as a matter of principle, as Tom Farmer did; but if the truth was likely to be unprofitable, he said nothing as much as possible. He was now a butcher by profession, and was considered to be the most successful stealer of fat cattle in Australia. He could kill and skin a beast, and destroy the brand if necessary, in less than eight

minutes. As most of the beef he sold was known to be stolen, some of his customers were so mean as to grumble because he charged them the market price; they said it cost him nothing, and he ought to sell it cheaper. This of course was unreasonable, as they never took into account the risks he incurred, and that he was not insured against Pentridge. However, he was on the whole very fortunate, though he never made a fortune, because he lost a good deal of time in looking for cattle to steal. He had been several times tried but never convicted of any crime since he left London. Once he escaped by the skin of the beast he had stolen. The skin had been placed in the porch of the court when the trial commenced, and when it was brought forward to be inspected by the jury, lo! the brand was gone. It had been cut out by his brother Ben, within three feet of the policeman in whose charge it had been left, and Uncle Sol was honourably acquitted. Having been unable to attend to his business during the sittings of the court, Uncle Sol took his boy with him next day, and in broad daylight stole two fat bullocks belonging to a Chinese farmer named Sing Fat, and on the following morning

sold some of the beef to the celestial owner, who remarked that it was "welly good meat."

The first time that Uncle Sol was put into the chain-gang in Van Dieman's Land, he told me that he naturally expected to see some of his old friends in the company; so he turned his head a little, and looked along the line of faces. "And what do you think? The first man I knew was my brother Ben. Wasn't that comfortable? There he was, sure enough. He winked at me. There was not a man in all London ever passed as many bad cheques as my brother Ben. He was a credit to his family. When he had done his time he would have done capitally in Australia, only he took to idleness. In, fact he never would work anywhere if he could help it; and you may say he has been out of work for the last forty years." The length of days attained by some of these old hands is wonderful, everything considered. Uncle Sol survived until he was nearly four-score years old, and his brother Ben was arrested in his ninetieth year on the good old charge of having no lawful visible means of support, and may be living yet for all I know to the contrary.

Then there was Larry Whoolahan, a cow-jobber from Kerry, who had first emigrated to the kingdom of Ireland, then to England, and finally to Australia. He had the longest wind at a bargain of any man I ever knew, so I had only one deal with him. He began the treaty by saying, "Good morning, honest man; might ye be wanting to buy any cattle now?" I said, "Yes, I might." "Well," he continued, "I've got one heifer, two steers, two cows and their two calves to sell." We went to look at them, and discussed their various points for more than an hour before he could be induced to put a price on them. At last, he said, that as a friend and a dacent man, he would let me have them for twenty-two pounds. I offered him seventeen pounds. He said, "Look here"—and he held up the forefinger of his left hand and solemnly spat upon it—"that won't be dry until I could show you the man who offered me twenty-two pounds for them." For more than three months we were bargaining about those two cows and their calves, one heifer, and two steers, and at last he let me have them for seventeen pounds, protesting that they were "dirt chape," and that he had never met a man so hard to dale

with as I was. Then he went among the neighbours and tried to injure my character. He said, "The clark o' the coort might think himself very knowledgeable about law, but he was a poor hand at cow-jobbing."

Larry was not by any means a cripple, but nature and accidents had combined to make his figure remarkable. One of his feet was larger than the other; one knee turned inwards and the other outwards; one hip bulged out, and the other seemed to be missing. His back was broad, but he was wry-necked, and one shoulder was higher than the other. His mouth was placed aslant across his face, and his voice came from the lower corner. He was so cross-eyed that it was impossible to tell what object he was looking at, though it was a moral certainty he was always looking to the main chance. He once had a fight with another wry-mouthed man, who met him on the road and bade him good morning. "Good morning, honest man," replied Larry, "but I think you are mocking me." "No, I ain't," said the stranger, "but you are mocking me." The two men were soon licking one another for dear life. At last they paused to recover breath, when the stranger explained

that he was born with a wry mouth. "And so was I," said Larry; then they parted with mutual disgust, and mouths wryer than ever. This fight formed the groundwork of the legend of the two knights and the golden shield.

The first time I saw Larry in court, it was my duty to write his deposition, of which the following is a verbatim copy, at sixpence per folio :—"Whoolahan *v.* Courtney : damages for unlawful assault, £49 19*s.* Larry Whoolahan, on his oath, saith as follows—I am a grazier and cow-jobber on the Jingo. It was at Tim Rooney's wake, five months ago come next Tuesday fortnight, yer honour. We were all quite paceable through the night, having a drink now and agin, and a shmoke all round, and may be a varse or two of a song, and gineral conwersation. 'Twas getting on towards morning, when Tim Murphy's case at the coort was mintioned, about his staling Bob Coortney's brindled cow with the snailey horn. I says to Coortney, sure ye might have let Tim Murphy pass about that cow widout bringing him to coort about it. You might disremember, yer riverence, you committed Tim for trial for staling the cow; and, says Coortney, begorra and

why wouldn't I bring him to coort for staling my cow? If it was yer own baste he stole, you'd have done the same quick enough, I'll go bail. And, yer worship, after that there was a dale of talking and noise, and a bit of a scrimmidge, and the corpse was upset on to the flure. So when we'd put Rooney to rights dacently on to the bed again and lit the candles, we all went outside on to the road, and the first thing I knew Bob Coortney hot me on the countenance, and thrun me into the ditch, and before I could get up to take my part, all the boys were wrangling in the ditch on the top o' me, and I had two black eyes, and two ribs broken, and I ain't been able to do a shtroke o' work since, yer honour, and I want forty-nine pounds nineteen shillings damages, if it plaze yer honour to give it me."

As Larry's evidence was incomplete, and he could not prove which of the boys who were wrangling in the ditch had broken his ribs, he lost his case.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, during his first visit to the colony, passed through our diggings. As soon as we heard of the honour proposed to be conferred on us by

our distinguished visitor our loyalty was quickly heated to the boiling-point. We formed a reception committee, which included all our most prominent citizens; and our address was drafted, adopted, and most beautifully engrossed; it was admired by everybody as an unequalled literary production, and a triumph of caligraphy. We said it was sure to fetch the Duke. The neighbouring forest was invaded by teamsters armed with axes; the deep gullies where the fern-trees grow were explored, and great loads of spars and fern-tree fronds, and branches of cherry-tree, lightwood, and she-oak were brought back to the Jingo. We erected an arch of unparalleled magnificence, the loftiest and widest ever seen in this southern hemisphere. It was bespangled with flags, festooned with flowers, and adorned with mottoes in gigantic letters that could be read a mile off. The day of the Duke's visit was observed as a general holiday. Our shire president, secretary and councillors, and our M.P., arrayed all in black broadcloth, assembled at the shire hall, from the door of which a strip of carpet had been laid to the middle of the road. Fifty girls clad in white dresses were

placed on forms at the roadside, exposed to the dust and the burning sun; their duty was to sing "God save the Queen,' and to strew the carpet with flowers. The El Dorado Hotel stood opposite the shire hall, the intervening space being filled by the arch, and as the stifling day wore on, and no Prince appeared, the much enduring councillors made frequent trips across the road to quench their thirst. A large detachment of horsemen went out to a roadside public-house, about twelve miles distant, to meet His Royal Highness, and to escort him with honour to the Jingo. Here they waited so long, that by the time the vehicles containing the Prince and his company arrived, our cavalry had lost all sense of discipline. Old Billy West came out of the bar and staggered towards the Prince. He said, "Which is the Duke? I want to shake hands wi' him. (The Duke here smiled graciously and gave Billy his hand.) I'm Billy West. There's my hand; came out here long before you were born. Yer Uncle George paid for my passage. Yer welcome to Australier, Duke. Come in and take a nobbler. Who's that bloomin' fool up there a-larfin'? Come down

and I'll punch yer head off, and larn you manners; you'll find I'm as good a man as you ever met—fight any man on the island."

At this moment Hoosier Smith, the driver, flicked the leaders with his whip, the horsemen rode away, and Billy was left behind, his loyal speech unfinished.

Two miles away on Carson's Hill, we could see a small cloud of dust which grew larger and came nearer each moment. Soon one horseman and then another came at a thundering gallop over the bridge which spanned the Jingo Creek, and pulled up under our magnificent arch. I asked the first comer, a Scotchman, if he had seen the Duke, and what he was like. He said, "He's joost an or'nary man like yersel, and he wears a kind o' linen shirt, wi' a belt roon his waist; there's naething remarkable aboot him."

The cloud of dust came nearer; there was a great clatter made by the horses galloping over the bridge, and our cavalry halted at the El Dorado. Then we had a faint vision of two vehicles passing quickly under the arch, and the next moment they were gone, disappearing in the dusty distance.

It was the blankest royal reception on record. Our labours and expenditure, our enthusiastic loyalty, our shire councillors and M.P., with their beautiful address, our poor school-girls who had passed the day in heat and thirst, our strip of carpet and arch of triumph, had all been spurned contemptuously. No human mind could fathom the depth of our disappointment. There was at first an ominous silence; then after a hasty consultation, a detachment, headed by our M.P., whose dignity it was supposed His Royal Highness would at once recognise, galloped after the vehicles, intent on bringing back the Prince. They returned disconsolate, and informed us that he refused to come back. He had taken out his beloved violin and was executing the plaintive old Gaelic air, "We return no more," and he never did return. Then there was one universal howl of rage and indignation; we rushed to the arch in an ecstasy of fury. We tore down the flags and mottoes. One man mounted to the summit, to the keystone of the structure, where the extensive "Welcome to the Prince" was displayed. This he rent into shreds, and cast the fragments to the winds. He shouted with

ferocious energy that he was of pure Norman descent, came over with the Conqueror, and had better blood in his veins than the upstart Guelphs. He snapped his fingers, and slapped the sole of his boot, and said that was all he cared about them. We hurrahed and applauded; we forswore our allegiance, and drank all night confusion to the Hanoverian dynasty. From that time every man, woman, and child adopted the sternest republican principles; neither royalty nor loyalty can ever exist again on the banks of the Jingo.

In course of time Hoosier Smith explained why he did not stop at the arch, and his explanation did not make the bitter waters sweet. He said, "After crossing the bridge we could just see the top of that towering arch above the cloud of dust. Captain Standish remarked, 'Here's another of these d——d arches,' and Captain Scott said, 'Don't stop, Smith, drive on like mad,' and so I drove on like mad."

The truly religious portion of our community, a very small minority, were shocked to hear that the son of our once beloved Queen should be found in the company of

men who used language like that, and one of them observed, in a strong nasal accent, that idols were mostly made of wood, or clay, or some base metal.

Our great day of rejoicing had brought us nothing but disappointment; we had gone out for wool and come back shorn, but Larry Whoolahan was shorn closer than the rest of the flock. He had prospered lately, and seemed likely to falsify the proverb which says, "A rich cow-jobber never dies." He was in the habit of giving utterance privately to strong Fenian sentiments; but when he heard of the Prince's approaching visit, his love of social distinction got the better of his principles. He had his old buggy repainted and varnished, and the harness polished. On the auspicious day he donned his best Sunday suit, black coat and beaver hat; Mrs. Whoolahan adopted the extremity of fashion. Her head-dress was made up of three roses, a bit of lace and two strings. Her black satin dress was distended with hoops of a diameter so enormous, that when she was seated in the buggy there was little to be seen of Larry except his hat and whip. Just at the happy time when the

Prince approached some devil of mischief took possession of Hoosier Smith; he looked at Larry and his turn-out, and in a loud voice saluted him thus: "Good morning, Larry, and how's the missus? and how's the pigs?"

That was all, but it was too much. Larry was in a fury instantly. He stood up in his buggy, shook his whip, and hurled after the retreating Hoosier threats of vengeance which were drowned

> "In the wild shouts of savage laughter
> Which on the wind came roaring after."

In the case Whoolahan *v.* Smith, the charge was, "Using insulting words in a public place, whereby a breach of the peace might have been occasioned." The evidence was brief; but the legal contentions were long, learned, and intricate. To the ordinary intellect the matter was simple enough until the lawyers began to throw light upon it; then it gradually became obscure, confused, and unintelligible. At last a case was produced and cited, in which it had been held by the chief justice that the words in the Police Offences Statute, "whereby a breach of the peace may be occasioned," must be construed to mean that a breach of the peace

must actually have been committed, before a conviction for using insulting words in a public place could be obtained. One of the justices said a court of petty sessions was a court of equity as well as a court of law, and on the merits of the case wanted to fine Smith. But the majority respected the opinion of the chief justice, and dismissed the case.

The chairman of the bench, in a dignified and learned discourse, undertook to explain to Larry the reason for the decision—a proceeding which I always found to be extremely imprudent, as the justice generally got bogged before his explanation was completed. Larry listened to his worship with suppressed indignation, which at last he could restrain no longer. "And it was necessary I should assault him, and make a braich of the pace, yer worship, afore I could get satisfaction out of him for his bad language, was it? And how could I assault him and brake his pace, yer worship, when he had a tame of four spankin' horses, and I had only my ould grey mare with the game eye? I'll assault him now, yer worship, and brake his pace to wanst, if that's what the law wants me to do. But if I done that afore, yer

honner, sure I'd ha' got satisfaction out of him widout any summons at all."

It was quite impossible to make Larry understand the deep wisdom and majesty of the law; so I ordered him to keep silence, or leave the court, otherwise he would be committed for contempt.

Larry returned to his first love, and henceforth was an open-mouthed Fenian.

The yield of gold on the Jingo began to decline, and the diggers to disperse, first by twos and threes, and then by dozens. Some of the lucky ones went straight to the devil, who has the gift of tongues, and stands near the door of the room behind the bar, saying, "This way, gentleman." Joe Burnley, who went to California in '49, dropped on a rich patch which yielded him fifteen thousand dollars. He said he would "ding the diggings" now, and go home to the old country. But he never got any further than the bar-parlour of the El Dorado. The curator of intestate estates came into possession of his few remaining dollars, and they were lost in obscurity. A few of the fortunate miners were made justices of the peace, and became comparatively respect-

able, sitting in judgment occasionally on delinquents among their less fortunate brethren, until at last there was no longer anybody left to sit upon. Of the unlucky diggers some went to Queensland, some to New Zealand, some to Africa, and the rest to Jericho and other places unknown.

Business declined rapidly, and the list of insolvents was long. Fires occurred very opportunely, and destroyed the principal hotels and places of business. The insurance agents and police made strict inquiries about their origin, but in every case the companies had to pay. Soon after the El Dorado had been totally destroyed by fire, Taffy Jones began to show symptoms of great dissatisfaction. He was an old Norfolk Islander, and used to boast that there was no crime he had not committed except murder. He complained all over the Jingo that he had been done out of fifty pounds by Mr. Hardiman, the proprietor of the El Dorado. As he had never been known to be worth fifty pence, nobody believed him, and he grew desperate. He came to me to see if he could not recover the money by law, which should provide a remedy for every wrong. He averred that

Mr. Hardiman had said to him more than once, "There's fifty pounds hanging to it if that hotel is burned down." Taffy said he went and looked over the building, which was a wooden one, and saw that the business could be done easily enough; but the landlady had a large family of small children, and as the remains of Taffy's conscience did not allow him to commit murder, he told Mr. Hardiman that the accident could not take place until the incumbrances were removed. The landlady and her children were sent away, Mr. Hardiman left the district, and the hotel was destroyed by fire directly afterwards.

Taffy's complaint was that the job had been unfairly taken out of his hands, while he was quite willing to perform his part of the contract, and he had thus been done out of fifty pounds. I asked him if he suspected any one in particular, and he replied, "Of course, them as done it has got the benefit of it." It was evident that Taffy had suffered grievous wrong, and a prosecution was instituted by the police with a view to remedy it. But the attempt was a failure; if Taffy got justice, he got it privately.

For years afterwards a few old fossickers

remained on the Jingo, but the last man has long since departed. The hillsides and gullies, which were torn up and scarred by the labours of a busy multitude, are relapsing into their primeval state. Young saplings thirty feet high are already replacing by their rapid growth the old monarchs of the forest destroyed by the ruthless diggers; wallabys and paddymelons once more hide in the scrub whose dense luxuriance nearly conceals the winding gully. Snakes and native cats make their homes in the deserted huts. The great rush on the Jingo has passed away, and seems now almost as unreal as the memory of a restless dream.

THE END.

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